HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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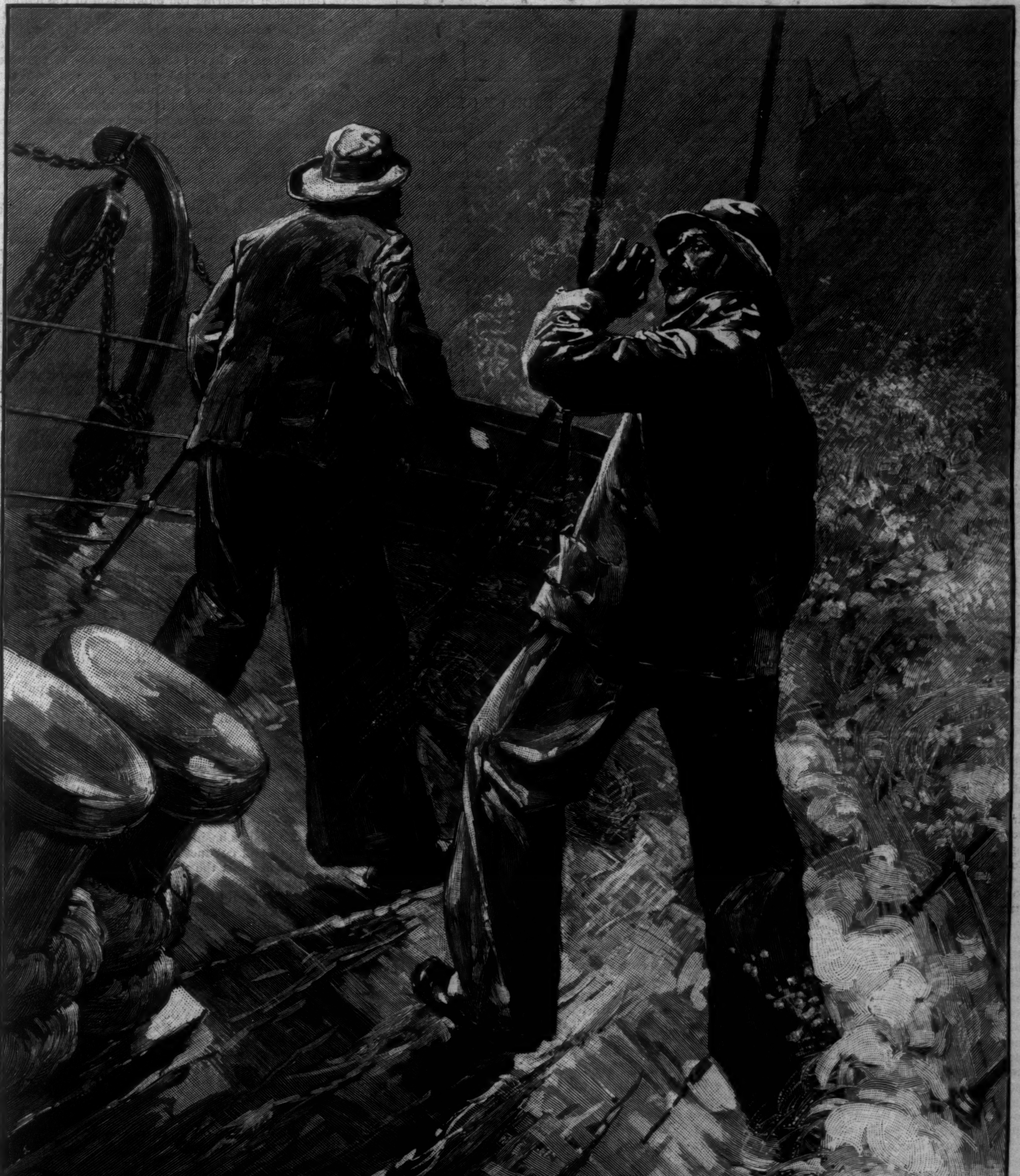


"SHIP AHEAD!"—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 239.]

"Harper's Young People is a capital magazine for children."—*Court Circular, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for March 29 opens with a story entitled "Konrad of Lystonfeld," by Emma C. Dowd. *It is the subject of an excellent illustration by* Alfred Brennan.

"Pippin and Tim, or Leaves from a Nursery Chronicle," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, *is continued, as also is "The Colonel's Money," by* Lucy C. Lillie.

The principal illustration is entitled

BLOWING BUBBLES.

"The Dawn of Life" is the title of an article in Mrs. Herrick's *geological series. "Small-fruit Culture for Young People" is concluded.*

"An Easter Party," by Margaret E. Sangster, *is a seasonable article.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 2, 1887.

HIGH LICENSE.

THE significance of the action upon the High License Bill in New York is not the passage of the bill, but that its passage is believed to be indispensable to the welfare of the Republican party, which controls the Legislature. The appeals of the New York *Tribune* to the Republican Assemblymen to support the bill ended in the remark that

> "Temperance reform is the coming issue, and the party which owes all its successes and all its strength to its courage and enlightenment on the moral problems of its time must be true to itself here, must be equal to the height of the occasion, or must abdicate its sovereignty."

That is a strain which has not been heard in the *Tribune* for many a day. It is an exhortation to rely upon principle, which was the original key-note of the Republican party, and it is also a confession that there has grown up a profound distrust of the party, which must be removed or the party will dissolve. It is an exhortation made upon the strong conviction which is produced by a study of the figures recently printed in its own columns. In 1881 the prohibition vote in the State was 4445; in 1882 it was 25,783; in 1883 it was 18,816; in 1884 it was 25,506; in 1885 it was 30,867; in 1886 it was 36,414. This is a prodigious increase, and it is a vote drawn mainly from the Republican party. Such an increase is the most serious menace of the ascendency of the party, and it indicates, as the *Tribune* now sees, that unless the friends of temperance can be persuaded that the Republican party means to deal honestly with the subject they will support it no longer.

The remark of the *Tribune* which we have quoted is totally incompatible with the assertion of Mr. Blaine in the Maine election of 1884. He then said that the question of prohibition was a State and not a national issue, and that as he represented a national issue, he would not vote upon the local question. The precise point in New York has been high license, and not prohibition. But the substance of the question is the restraint of liquor-selling, and if prohibition or a total restraint is a local question, high license, or a limited restraint, cannot be called a national question. The *Tribune* concedes that the question is one of the moral problems of the time, and such problems, of course, are not confined to States. Whatever the object of the *Tribune's* alarmed appeal may be, it is undoubtedly true that the Republican party could take no course which would tend more certainly to recover the confidence of temperance men than to adopt the policy of high license honestly enforced. This last point is of the utmost importance. A large body of temperance men openly declare that the passage of the High License Bill would not satisfy them, because they do not believe that it would be enforced. They hold that its passage would be merely a part of the decoy policy by which they have been pacified hitherto and their votes retained. The Republican party, they argue, does not command the confidence or respect of temperance men, because, although it passes temperance laws, it does not carry them out; and even the *Tribune*, which is now so zealous in urging Republicans to support high license, last year practically co-operated with the liquor interest in the matter of appointing the Excise Commission.

These are serious difficulties. A great party cannot safely play fast and loose with one of the moral problems of the time. By men who are in earnest it will be judged inevitably by its conduct. Mr. Griffin, of Kansas, the father of the anti-saloon policy, is a Republican temperance man who wishes honestly to persuade the party to adopt the anti-saloon policy. If Mr. Sheridan Shook cannot be a Republican upon those terms, Mr. Griffin would be glad to see him leave the party. If the Irish vote in New York cannot be secured for a Republican candidate while the party stands for the anti-saloon policy, Mr. Griffin would willingly lose that vote, and it is because many of those who believe with Mr. Griffin would refuse to support the party candidates if the party refused to adopt that policy, that the urgent cry has been raised for the High License Bill. The whole debate is interesting as illustrating the present peril of the party from men who are in earnest, and who intend that the party they support shall also be in earnest. The old reply that, in any event, it is better than the Democratic party, is met by those who remember or who have read the history of the antislavery contest by the remark that if that argument had been accepted there would never have been a Republican party. There is no doubt of the preference for that party of thousands of earnest men who have strong convictions upon certain questions of public policy. But that preference will not persuade them to accept the name of a party for the substance of a policy, and, as experience has proved, they will aid in the defeat of a party when it relies upon its name to secure unworthy objects, or is too cowardly to trust its own principles.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE great festival in Berlin in honor of the Emperor's ninetieth birthday, the thronging of the students from all Germany to salute him, the extraordinary assemblage of royal personages to do him honor, the thunders of popular applause whenever he appeared, and the universal demonstrations of public regard, bring the 22d of March, 1887, into significant contrast with the 18th of March, 1848. On that day, when the gust of popular revolution struck Berlin, the Emperor was the Prince of Prussia, the heir-apparent, living in a palace upon the chief street, Unter den Linden. He was full of the notion of high prerogative, and believed that the way to deal with the demand for a parliament and a constitution was to clear the streets with grape. The movement, like a visible storm, swept through the city; vast crowds moved along the Linden; the shops were closed; peaceful citizens withdrew to their houses; and as the muttering tempest began to break, the Princess of Prussia, now the Empress, with her children and attendants, hurriedly left her residence, and was driven in hot haste to the royal palace, where her husband was in council with the King, and in a few moments the battle had begun in the streets of Berlin, which raged furiously all night long. The royal troops were victorious. But the King was alarmed. The next day the dead victims were carried to his palace, and he was summoned to behold them with uncovered head. He issued the address to his *liebe Berliner*, promising a constitution, and the solemn pageant of the funeral of the victims followed, Alexander von Humboldt walking with other dignitaries as mourners. The palace of the Prince of Prussia was declared to be national property, and he was the most unpopular man in the kingdom.

Forty years and Bismarck and Von Moltke have wrought a marvellous change. It is that Prince of Prussia who to-day as Emperor of Germany receives the acclamations of kings and rulers of every degree, and the congratulations of the states of Christendom. He is the greatest of German monarchs since Frederick the Great, and under him Prussia has reached a greater height than under Frederick. But the height was gained, not by the Emperor, but by Bismarck. His own career repeats that of his father. Frederick William the Third would never have raised himself and his country after the overwhelming blow at Jena. It was Stein who reorganized Germany against Napoleon. It is Bismarck, not the Emperor William, who has made the German Empire. They are both old men, and now, when monarchy has lost all sentiment of divine right, and is rapidly becoming merely a permanent constitutional executive power, it is not to be expected that the empire can be transmitted unchanged. As the late election showed, Bismarck still dominates the parliament, and with haughty skepticism of parliamentary government. But after Bismarck—what?

The Emperor's *fête* has been an extraordinary occasion. His age is very unusual for a sovereign who is still reigning, and the spectacle in Berlin has been evidently very imposing. The lifetime of the Emperor has covered a most important epoch of human history. He was born before Washington died. He has seen the United States advance to their present position, and Napoleon Bonaparte run his extraordinary career. He has seen the end of the Holy Roman Empire, and of the Holy Alliance, and the practical reconstruction of western Europe upon modern political ideas. The Europe of his childhood is almost as remote as that of the Middle Ages. He has been contemporaneous with a development of liberty which in the reactionary time in which he was born, just after the French Revolution, seemed to be utterly chimerical. But he has seen in this country the great historic proof that freedom is the foundation of the strongest government. It is a marvellous experience for any man, and it is most fortunate for his country if the Emperor has been able rightly to interpret its lesson for his successor.

REFORM IN BROOKLYN.

THE legislative investigation in Brooklyn has proved once more the old truth that the best laws may be nullified by bad faith in their execution. The surest way in an intelligent community to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it rigidly, and the best way for those who think a law "no good" (which is the opinion of the civil service law expressed by Mr. Conner, the Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn) is to evade and nullify it. Mr. Shepard, the urbane but firm and intelligent counsel of the investigating committee, has courteously extorted from the Mayor of the city and the chairman and secretary of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, the fact of the ludicrous evasions of the law. Having failed to persuade the State Commission to enlarge the non-competitive class of places, and to abolish the regulation requiring the publication of the names of applicants and of those who vouched for them, the local authorities deliberately disobeyed the law. They also evaded the requirement of ample notice of examinations, so that of 68 examinations, 17 were held on one day's notice, 36 on two days', 14 on three days', and 1 on four days' notice; and the appointees were generally vouched for by notorious members of the Ring. The entire reformed system, as was shown to General Grant at the very beginning of the movement, would only make abuses easier if confided to untrusty hands. This fact was sometimes demonstrated in its earliest application.

But the whole system, so far as it applies, is law, and violations of the law are punishable. That the law has been violated in Brooklyn, no intelligent man doubts. That persons have been appointed in order to please other persons, and not upon proof of their proper qualification, is unquestionable. That proper publication of the names of those appointed and of those who recommended them has not been made is proved by the testimony. That the Mayor knew little of his duty in this particular, or of the proper enforcement of the law, is clear. That, in a word, the law has been practically nullified, and that in the hands of those who wish to evade it it has opposed no resistance to the evils which it was designed to correct, is beyond question. But it would be by no means easy to establish a wilful and criminal violation of the law, although it would be refreshing if that could be done, and the offenders duly punished. But it is not at all necessary to the verdict of public opinion. It is the whole community, as well as the committee of the Legislature, which has been investigating the Mayor and the municipal administration in Brooklyn, and the verdict of the community is not doubtful. Under Mayor Low it saw a friendly, faithful, and efficient enforcement of the law, to the great and manifest advantage of the city. Under Mayor Whitney it sees the practical nullification of the law, and a return to a partisan conduct of city affairs, with a corresponding disadvantage to the city.

The mercenary politicians in Brooklyn have made the Civil Service Board a party machine. But such politicians everywhere will naturally obstruct and oppose the law as much as possible. The law is aimed at their trade. It means to restore the public service to the people, and to let the people know just what is done in their service, and how it is done. Mr. Conner evidently thinks that the business of his office is his own affair, and that any public inquiry into the manner in which he discharges his duty is an impertinence. He was bound to do his work honestly, efficiently, and economically. To that end he was bound to change his subordinates with sole regard to their qualifications. But he says frankly that "it was nobody's business" why he changed them. This feeling and conduct spring logically from a system which regards the public service as the property of certain politicians. The Brooklyn investigation will result not only in a wholesome exposure of the evasion of the law, and the public condemnation of the municipal officers concerned, but, we hope, in the punishment of actual law-breakers.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

THE situation in Ireland becomes graver every day. The decision of the British Government to pass a coercion bill before the consideration of any measure for the relief of the situation, which is urged in justification of coercion, is a very significant and important act. There is, we believe, no serious denial that the decline of the productive value of land in Ireland has made it impossible for Irish tenants, by whatever industry and skill, to pay rents which were determined under different conditions. In this situation, however unlawful the plan of campaign may be, it is the part of wise statesmanship to deal with the actual facts and circumstances, and provide some relief before proceeding to the extremity of coercion.

This is the course which is suggested by Mr. Morley's amendment to the Government motion that the coercion bill shall take precedence of every other question. His amendment declares that "the House declines to set aside business in favor of a measure increasing the stringency of the law in Ireland, while no effective security is taken against the abuse of the law by the exaction of excessive rents." The Government promises an early presentation of its land bill. But that promise is an admission that some land bill is necessary; in other words, that the present situation is not satisfactory. If that be so, in view of the discontent, suffering, and distrust of Ireland, is it not evident that to insist upon measures of coercion before considering measures of relief is to deal obstinately and unwisely with a critical situation?

The feeling of Englishmen who sustain the Government is that the whole Irish agitation is merely a conspiracy for separation and imperial dissolution. They do not admit that there is any especial suffering. They assert that the laws are equal, and that there is no more reason for discontent in Ireland than elsewhere in the kingdom. Mr. Bright says that he does not doubt that under the leaders of the agitation the Irish would vote to make Ireland a State of the American Union. But he adds that he does not think England would be bound to acquiesce. The general feeling not only of Tories but of Liberal Unionists is that coercion is the sole solvent of the situation, and that it is high time to ascertain whether the empire is strong enough to enforce its own laws. It is this feeling which makes the gravity of the situation, and the passage of the coercion bill will lead probably to serious results. It will be ably opposed, however, by Mr. Gladstone and his friends. But the intensity of the feeling can be seen in a remark of the London *Times*, that the prolongation of the debate would amount to obstruction, and ought not to be tolerated.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The general principles of the law of nations have never been so succinctly and clearly stated as they are in the *Outlines of International Law*, by George B. Davis, U.S.A., Assistant Professor of Law at the United States Military Academy. The book, which has just been issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, contains within the compass of 400 pages a thorough and carefully digested statement of the entire subject in all its relations in peace and war. It is perhaps the most readable book of the kind ever published, and is marked throughout by an admirable discretion, a candid and judicial temper, unusual clearness of language and illustration, and great precision and brevity of statement. The author's faculty for generalization and analysis is not less notable than his power of lucid definition and classification and his felicity in the application of rules and principles. As a text-book for institutions of learning it is neither too cumbrous nor too meagre—faults from which its few predecessors have in a marked degree suffered. As a hand-book for the general reader it has all the elements of simplicity, vigor, and authority needed to assure its ready acceptance.

At a time when questions like our dispute with England in regard to the Canadian fisheries, the part we may take in the construction of canals or railways in Central America, and the unsatisfactory nature of our relations with some of the larger European states on the subject of naturalization, are among the most important problems of our statesmanship, a book like this has an obvious seasonableness. It is evident that questions of international law and of our international relations are destined to play a much more important part in the future of American politics than they have done in the past. Indeed, it seems probable that one or more such questions will henceforth be constantly with us for action or decision. This being the case, the necessity of introducing the study of international law as part of the course in every college will become no less imperative than that of placing before every intelligent citizen the means of obtaining some degree of familiarity with the subject. The work of Professor Davis will be found to be the first of the kind which has been produced at a popular price and in a compact form, and it can hardly fail to attract more than usual attention.

MORLEY ON BURKE.

The views of Mr. John Morley upon any point of the study of literature are of great importance, because they are the views of one of the most accomplished and thoroughly trained students of literature. He is also one of the men who have turned from a literary into an active political career with great ability and success. The following remarks, therefore, from a recent address upon the study of literature, are worthy of careful attention:

> "One of the noblest masterpieces in the literature of civil and political wisdom is found in Burke's three pieces upon the American war—his speech on taxation in 1774, on conciliation in 1775, and his letter to the sheriffs of Bristol in 1777. I can only repeat to you what I have been saying in print and out of it for a good many years, what I believe more firmly as observation is enlarged by time and occasion, that these three pieces are the most perfect manual in any literature for the study of great affairs, whether for the purpose of knowledge or action."

Few careful students of Burke would question the justice of this opinion.

FAVORITISM IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Our late allusion to the mathematical accomplishments of Mr. George W. Hill, we are informed by one of his friends, did him but scant justice. The same friend, in illustration of the power of favoritism in the public service, states that in 1881 Mr. Hill and Professor W. Woolsey Johnson received certificates for passing the best competitive examinations for two vacancies as Professors of Mathematics in the navy. These certificates, however, were pigeon-holed in the Navy Department, and a teacher of French and a drawing-master were appointed to the vacancies. Probably the authorities were of the opinion of Mr. Conner, in Brooklyn, that the appointments were nobody's business. It is by the knowledge of such little facts, however, that they become everybody's business.

EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION.

The investigations conducted by the Egyptian Exploration Fund since its establishment in 1881 "have resulted in discoveries, disclosures, and elucidations of the first importance to sacred and secular history, and to our knowledge of ancient geography, science, arts, and of the early Hellenic period in its relations to Egypt." Both in this country and in England names of great distinction are found among its officers and contributors, and its publications disclose a work which President Barnard, of Columbia College, holds to be more valuable and interesting than any since that of Layard upon the Tigris, not forgetting that of Schliemann in the *Troad*. Of the $8751 expended during the last year, $3920 were contributed in the United States. The work depends upon the annual receipts, and the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, vice-president and honorary treasurer for America, at 429 Beacon Street, Boston, modestly hopes that every subscriber will promptly renew his gift of $5 or much more. It is fair to add that Dr. Winslow's services and those of the officers and committee are wholly gratuitous.

THE POWER OF REMOVAL.

A postmaster whose commission expires a year hence asks whether, now that the Tenure-of-office Act is repealed, he is liable to removal at any time. Undoubtedly he is. The repeal of the law restores the old situation, in which the Executive power of removal was practically unrestricted. But under the Tenure-of-office Act, as modified during the Grant administration, the failure to confirm a successor did not replace the officer who had been removed. The Civil Service Reform Act of January, 1883, also leaves the power of removal untouched. The law aims to secure the tenure of places in the classified service to efficiency and integrity by preventing appointments at will. It is an error to suppose that any provision of the act forbids removals, or directly secures a tenure for any specific term. Even the laws providing for a term of four years leave removal to the Executive discretion.

JOHN W. FIELD.

The recent death of John W. Field removes a man widely known and greatly loved, but known only in the private and domestic circle. He was a native of Philadelphia, and his active life was passed successfully in mercantile pursuits. Marrying a daughter of the late Judge Peters, his family connection in Philadelphia, where his early life was spent, was very large. His later years were passed largely in Europe, and in this country his favorite resorts were Washington, Newport, and the little secluded hill town of Ashfield, in western Massachusetts.

Mr. Field had no children. His social tastes were very strong, so that his house was the scene of the most refined and generous hospitality, and his friendly association with distinguished persons both in Europe and America was very large. He was very fond of books and pictures, and with many of the most noted authors and artists he was upon intimate terms, and his correspondence was remarkable for the number and distinction of his correspondents.

His ready and hearty sympathy with all liberal movements, his instinctive choice of the best both in literature and society, with a singularly sunny temperament and a fine *savoir-faire*, made him a delightful companion. He was essentially an American in the true sense, and a cosmopolitan in the best sense. In the early days of the antislavery struggle his Quaker origin asserted itself in his sturdy defiance of the kind of conservatism then dominant in the country, and in a manner sometimes shocking to the social sentiment in his native city, which was slow in understanding the meaning of American liberty. But his sweet and candid and generous nature could entertain no quarrel, and few men who have known so many other men of every kind could die like him without an enemy. He was at home in many cities and in many hearts, and his memory will abide in them full of cheerfulness and happy suggestion.

ONE GOOD RESULT OF A CALAMITY.

The terrible railroad calamity at Forest Hills has had already one good result. The Railroad Commissioners who have been investigating the facts have learned that the condition of other railroad bridges in the State should be accurately ascertained, and they have requested the officers of all roads to send them the necessary information. This is a very proper measure, and the only regret is that it should not have been adopted in time to save the sorrowful tragedy at West Roxbury. The course taken in Massachusetts may be well taken by every railroad company in New York and throughout the country. Railroad catastrophes have been so frequent and so appalling this winter that Railroad Commissioners and companies cannot be too vigilant in their care for the public safety.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

In speaking recently of the constant and absorbing drain upon the President's time we did not emphasize the very serious consequences which such pressure may involve. Mr. Cleveland is a man of the utmost conscientiousness in the discharge of public duty. He means to do nothing ignorantly or merely perfunctorily, and the duties of the Executive office when honestly discharged are so enormous that the strongest physical constitution may at last succumb.

At the beginning of the winter he was in unusually vigorous health, but the severe attack of rheumatism and the necessary pressure of the presence of Congress, added to his invincible resolution to do his work properly, have undoubtedly made heavy drafts upon his natural vigor. We are glad to see, according to a report from Washington in the *Sun*, that Mr. Lamont, his secretary and friend, states that the President is in good physical condition, and that there is no reason for apprehension in regard to his health. We are glad of this assurance because we had heard that he was plainly suffering from the strain of the winter.

The President has many and engrossing official duties, but none of his duties is more imperative, none more essential to the public welfare, than exceeding care of his health. It seems to be impossible for him to discharge properly his duty to all the people if he permits individuals to squander his time. He may be sure that the opinion of the country would cordially support him in the determination to secure all the time which is indispensable for the discharge of his important functions, and in refusing to be at the beck and call of merely curious persons or of those who seek some personal favor. For all necessary personal interviews proper times can be allotted. But the President's first duty is not to give his day to idlers or Squedunk deputations, but to observe the laws of health, and, so far as concerns himself, to make others observe them.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The selection of members of the Inter-State Commerce Commission was a very difficult duty, which the President has discharged with a characteristic care and intelligence that have commanded universal approval. In this, as in all the important acts of his administration, he has shown himself intent solely upon the public welfare, and has deepened the conviction that his purpose is always in the highest degree patriotic and public-spirited.

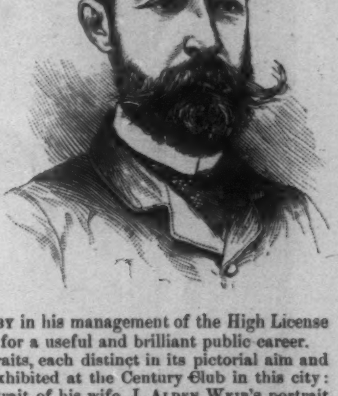
Judge Cooley, of Michigan, is a gentleman whose name carries the greatest weight as that of a wise and admirable officer; Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, is an upright and fearless public man; Mr. Schoonmaker, of New York, is a man of the highest character and of proved public ability, whose appointment is as excellent as could have been made in the State; Mr. Walker, of Vermont, although unknown in political life, is a man of ample experience in railroad affairs, and of the utmost sagacity and firmness; while Mr. Bragg, of Alabama, is a member of the Railroad Commission of that State, a graduate of Harvard, and of recognized fitness for the position.

Indeed, it is this peculiar fitness which the President has sought, and while many excellent men whom he is understood to have invited have been compelled to decline, he has succeeded in selecting a Board which, for personal character, special experience, and trained ability for the work, it would be difficult to surpass. The friends of the bill and the country have reason to be entirely satisfied.

PERSONAL.

A professor of the art of training the memory adduces as a shining example of his success the case of a Connecticut clergyman, who, after five lessons, was enabled to commit to memory two sermons in two hours. He thinks that if clergymen in general should recite their sermons rather than read them, the world would be better. Dr. Storrs, who probably leads his profession as a preacher without manuscript, does not advise every preacher to follow his course; but Dr. John Hall's great success is supposed to be due in no small measure to his apparently extemporaneous methods, his habit being to write his sermons before delivering them.

—Assemblyman Ernest Howard Crosby, whose portrait is given herewith, and who stands sponsor in the Legislature for the High License Bill, is a son of Dr. Howard Crosby, and represents the Twenty-first Assembly District of this city. He is about thirty-one years of age, is a graduate of Columbia College Law School, and is a member of the legal firm of Crosby & Crosby. He received 4433 votes last fall in a district where the Republican vote in 1884 was but 4079. He inherits from his father the spirit of the social and political reformer—the elevating enthusiasm of humanity. The tact, perseverence, and energy shown by Mr. Crosby in his management of the High License Bill are of good augury for a useful and brilliant public career.



—Three notable portraits, each distinct in its pictorial aim and process, were recently exhibited at the Century Club in this city: Eastman Johnson's portrait of his wife, J. Alden Weir's portrait of his brother Professor John F. Weir, and Wyatt Eaton's portrait of Mrs. R. W. Gilder. It is an open question whether or not an artist can paint his wife better than another artist can, but all the studios agree that in painting a portrait of himself he can heighten the effect with the greatest ease.

—Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's magnificent new yacht, the *Alva*, made her return trip from South Carolina in the March gales without his family. He himself came with her, but his family took the railway train. The seaworthiness of the *Alva* was tested favorably in a hurricane.

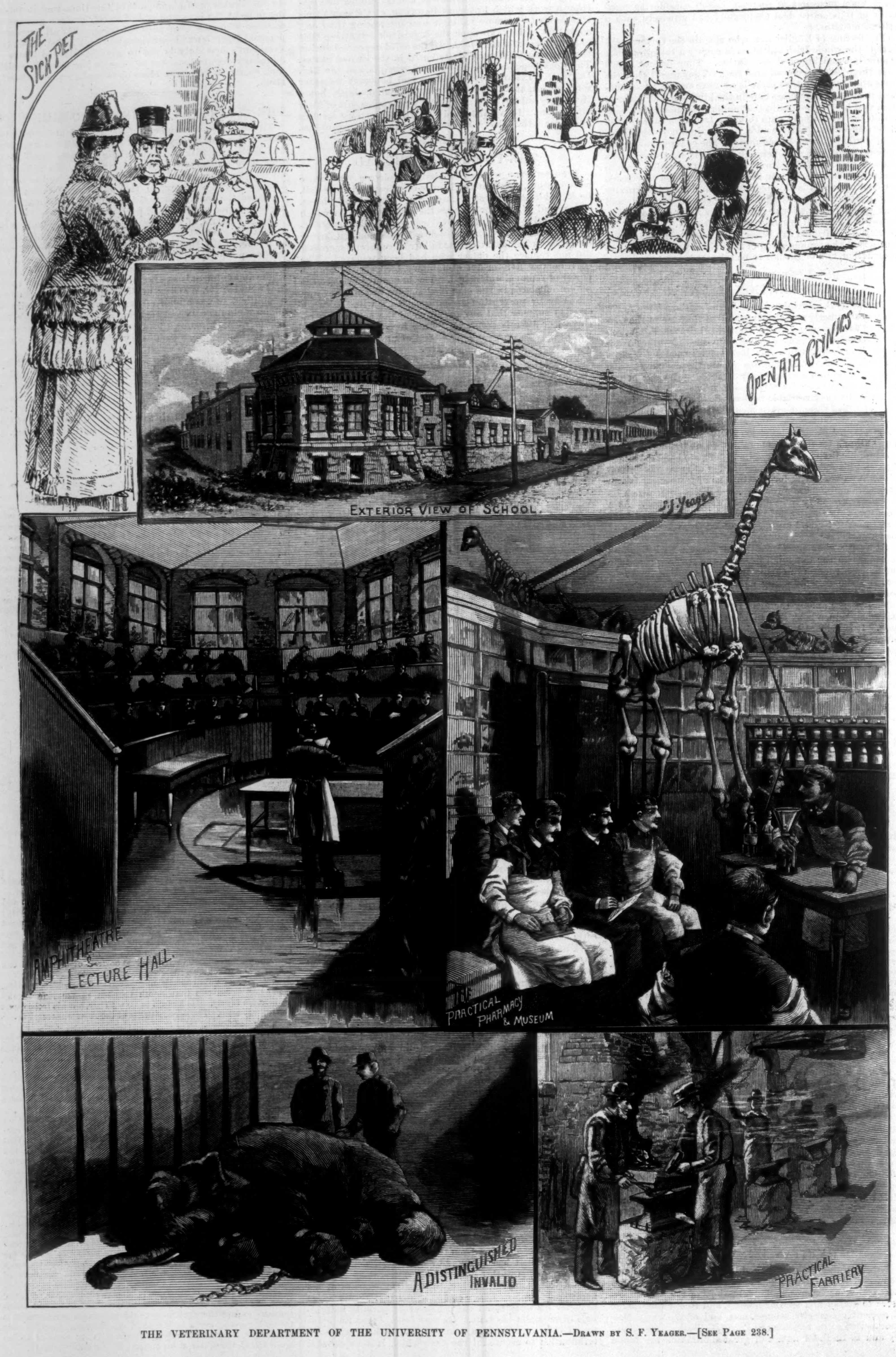
—In his discourse at Trinity Church, Boston, on the Sunday after Mr. Beecher's death, Rev. Phillips Brooks declared that the three greatest Americans of the century were Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, and Henry Ward Beecher.

—John Colwell and Lucy Merkel were recently married in the show window of a Chicago clothing store, having been offered a house-keeping outfit by the firm for acting as an advertisement in the manner stated.

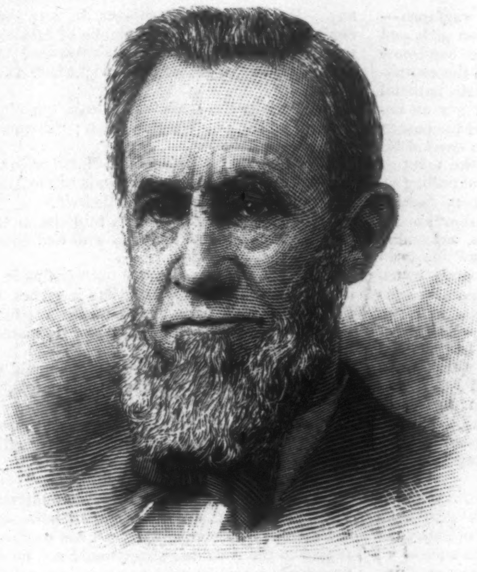
—Tatui Baba, an erudite Japanese, an authority at home on ancient arms and armor, is in Philadelphia lecturing on his specialty, and illustrating his lectures by specimens. He believes that government schools, by introducing the study of perspective and "design," bid fair to destroy the characteristics of Japanese art.

—Mr. Thomas Eakins, the painter, who resigned his position as director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts a year ago, has gathered a like class of nearly forty, to which he gives his services gratuitously.

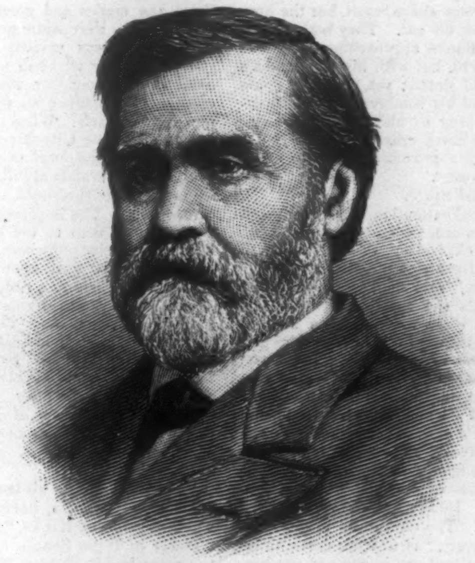
—Miss Eleanor B. Hooper, of Brooklyn, has rapidly risen to a high rank among lady violinists, and her youth and determination, coupled with the extraordinary success she has already achieved, give promise of a brilliant future. A number of friends and patrons have conspired to provide means for her to perfect in Europe the mastery of the most difficult and most charming of instruments by a complimentary concert, tendered to her on the 30th of March in the First Baptist Church. The enterprise is cordially endorsed by Theodore Thomas, Joseph Mosenthal, Dudley Buck, and most of the leading musical people of Brooklyn. Conspicuous among the signatures to the letter of announcement is the bold, graceful script of Henry Ward Beecher, pencilled only a fortnight before his death; and near it is the name of his beloved friend, the orator at his funeral, Dr. Charles H. Hall.


THE SICK PET
OPEN AIR CLINICS
EXTERIOR VIEW OF SCHOOL
S. F. Yeager
AMPHITHEATRE & LECTURE HALL
PRACTICAL PHARMACY & MUSEUM
A DISTINGUISHED INVALID
PRACTICAL FARRIERY

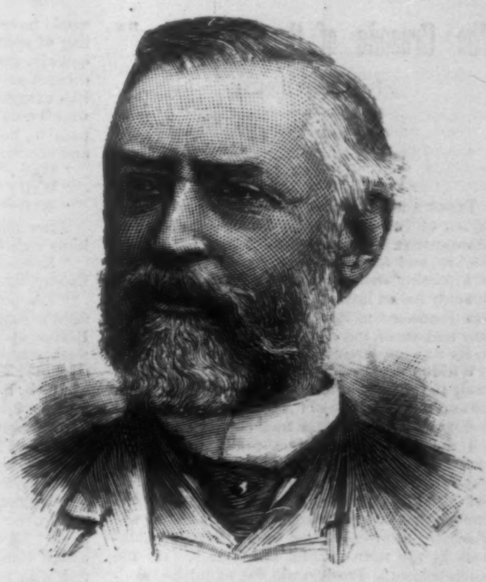
THE VETERINARY DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by S. F. Yeager.—[See Page 238.]



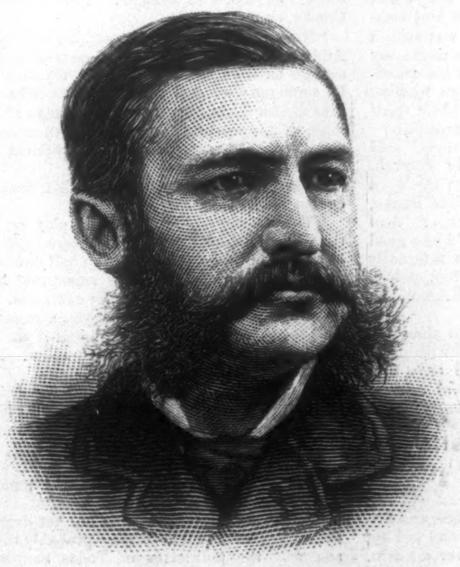
THOMAS M. COOLEY, OF MICHIGAN, INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER.
[See Page 243.]



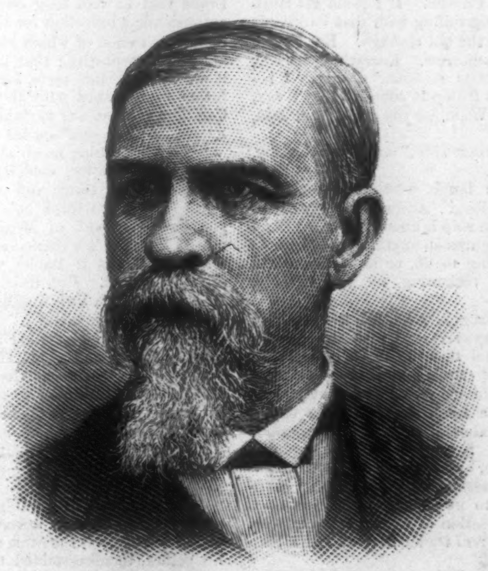
WILLIAM R. MORRISON, OF ILLINOIS, INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER:
Photographed by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 243.]



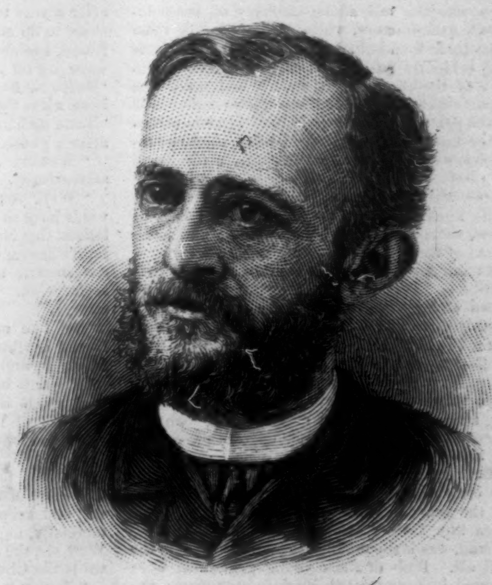
AUGUSTUS SCHOONMAKER, OF NEW YORK, INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER.
Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 243.]



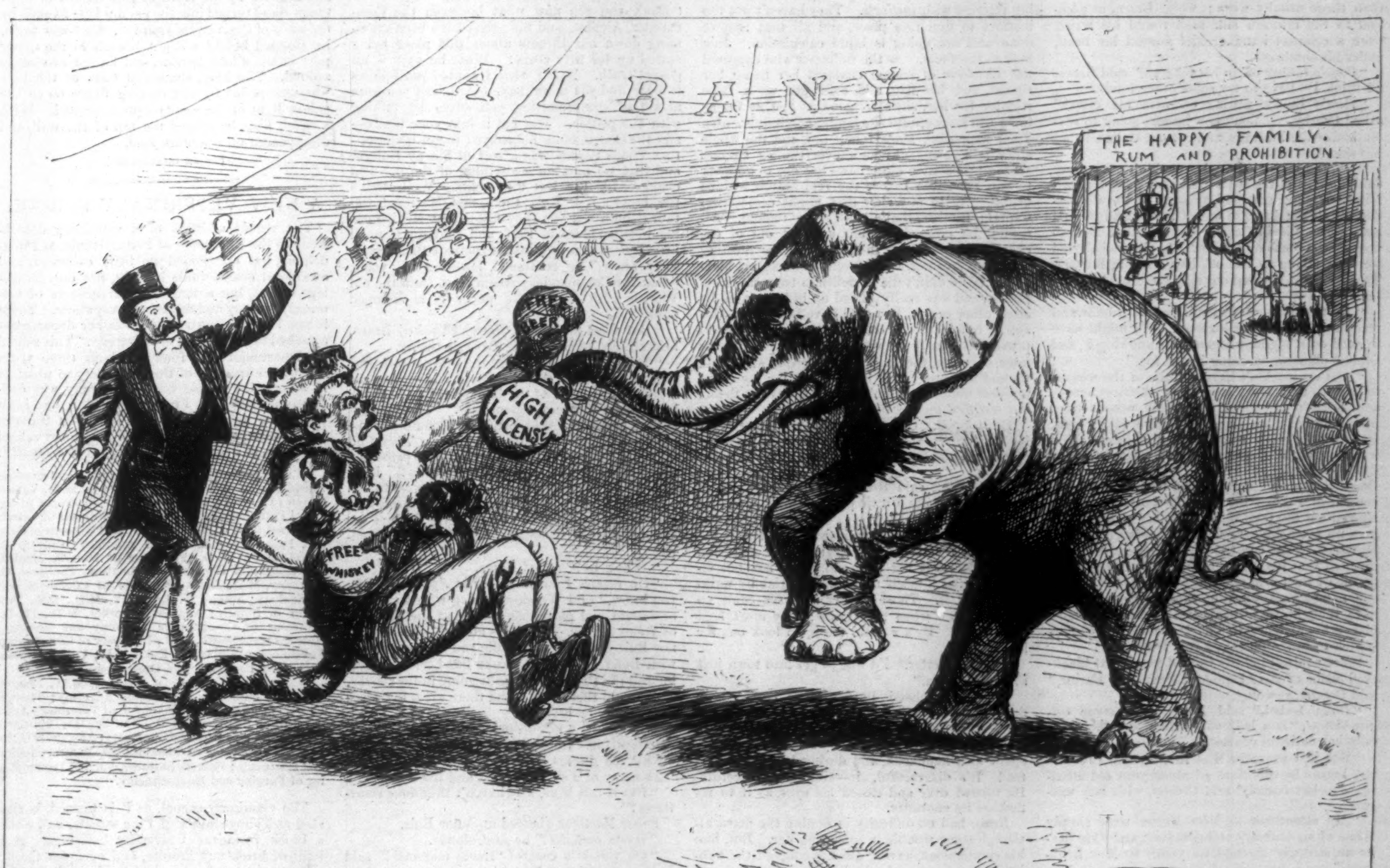
ALDACE F. WALKER, OF VERMONT, INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER.
[See Page 243.]



WALTER L. BRAGG, OF ALABAMA, INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER
Photographed by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 243.]



OSCAR S. STRAUS, OF NEW YORK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY.
[See Page 243.]


ALBANY
THE HAPPY FAMILY. RUM AND PROHIBITION
FREE BEER
HIGH LICENSE
FREE WHISKEY
W. A. Rogers.

THE REPUBLICAN ELEPHANT COMES UP TO TIME.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."[*]

By BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

There was a breath of spring in the soft morning air of Todos Santos—a breath so subtle and odorous that it penetrated the veil of fog beyond the bay, and for a moment lingered on the deck of a passing steamer like an arresting memory. But only for an instant; the *Ometepe*, bound from San Francisco to San Juan del Norte, with its four seekers of the *Excelsior*, rolled and plunged on its way unconsciously.

Within the bay and over the restful pueblo still dwelt the golden haze of its perpetual summer; the two towers of the old Mission church seemed to dissolve softly into the mellow upper twilight, and the undulating valleys rolled their green waves up to the wooded heights of San Antonio, that still smiled down upon the arid, pallid desert. But although nature had not changed in the months that had passed since the advent of the *Excelsior*, there appeared some strange mutations in the town and its inhabitants. On the beach below the Presidio was the unfinished skeleton of a small sea-going vessel on rude stocks; on the plaza rose the framed walls and roofless rafters of a wooden building; near the embarcadero was the tall adobe chimney of some inchoate manufactory, whose walls had half risen from their foundations; but all of these objects had evidently succumbed to the drowsy influence of the climate, and already had taken the appearances of later and less picturesque ruins of the past. There were singular innovations in the costumes: one or two umbrellas, used as sunshades, were seen upon the square; a few small chip hats had taken the place of the stiff sombreros, with an occasional tall white beaver; while linen coat and nankeen trousers had, at times, usurped the short velvet jacket and loose calzas of the national costume.

At San Antonio the change was still more perceptible. Beside the yawning pit of the abandoned silver mine a straggling building arose, filled with rude machinery, bearing the legend, painted in glowing letters, "Excelsior Silver Mining Company, J. Crosby, Superintendent"; and in the midst of certain excavations assailing the integrity of the cliff itself was another small building, scarcely larger than a sentry-box, with the inscription, "Office: Eleanor Quicksilver Smelting Works."

Basking in that yellow morning sunlight, with his back against his office, Mr. Brace was seated on the ground, rolling a cigarette. A few feet from him, Crosby, extended on his back on the ground, was lazily puffing rings of smoke into the still air. Both of these young gentlemen were dressed in exaggerated Mexican costumes; the silver buttons fringing the edge of Crosby's calza, open from the knee down to show a glimpse of the snowy under-trousers, were richer and heavier than those usually worn; while Brace, in addition to the crimson silk sash round his waist, wore a crimson handkerchief around his head, under his sombrero.

"Pepe's falling off in his tobacco," said Brace. "I think I'll have to try some other fonda."

"How's Banks getting on with his crop?" asked Crosby. "You know he was going to revolutionize the business, and cut out Cuba on that hill-side."

"Oh, the usual luck. He couldn't get proper cultivators, and the Injins wouldn't work regular. I must try and get hold of some of the Comandante's stock; but I'm out of favor with the old man since Winslow and I wrecked that fishing-boat on the rocks off yonder. He always believed we were trying to run off, like Captain Bunker. That's why he stopped our ship-building, I always believe."

"All the same, we might have had it built and ready now but for our laziness. We might have worked on it nights without their knowing it, and slipped off some morning in the fog."

"And we wouldn't have got one of the women to go with us. If we are getting shiftless here—and I don't say we're not—these women have just planted themselves, and have taken root. But that ain't all: there's the influence of that infernal sneak Hurlstone. He's set the Comandante against us, you know—he, and the priest, the Comandante, and Nelly Keene make up the real council of Todos Santos. Between them they've shoved out the poor little Alcalde, who's ready to give up everything to dance attendance on Mrs. Brimmer. They run the whole concern, and they give out that it's owing to them that we're given parole of the town, and the privilege of spending our money and working these mines. Who'd have thought that sneak Hurlstone would have played his cards so well? It makes me regularly sick to hear him called Don Diego."

"Yet you're mightily tickled when that black-eyed sister of the Alcalde calls you Don Carlos," said Crosby, yawning.

"Doña Isabel," said Brace, with some *empressement*, "is a lady of position, and these are only her national courtesies."

"She just worships Miss Keene; and I reckon she knows by this time all about your old attentions to her friend," said Crosby, with lazy mischief.

"My attentions to Miss Keene were simply those of an ordinary acquaintance, and were never as strongly marked as yours to Mrs. Brimmer."

"Who has deserted *me*, as Miss Keene did *you*," rejoined Crosby.

Brace's quick color had risen again, and he would have made some sharp retort, but the jingling of spurs caught his ear. They both turned quickly, and saw Banks approaching. He was dressed as a vaquero, but with his companion's like exaggeration of detail; yet, while his spurs were enormous, and his sombrero unusually expansive, he still clung to his high shirt collar and accurately tied check cravat.

"Well?" he said, approaching them.

"Well?" said Crosby.

"Well?" repeated Brace.

After this national salutation, the three Americans regarded each other silently.

"Knocked off cultivating to-day?" queried Crosby, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"The peons have," said Banks; "it's another saint's day. That's the fourth in two weeks. Leaves about two clear working days in each week, counting for the days off, when they're getting over the effects of the others. I tell you what, sir, the Catholic religion is not suited to a working civilization, or else the calendar ought to be overhauled, and a lot of these saints put on the retired list. It's hard enough to have all the apostles on your pay-roll, so to speak, but to have a lot of fellows run in on you as saints, and some of them not even men or women, but *ideas*, is piling up the agony. I don't wonder they call the place 'All Saints'! The only thing to do," continued Banks, severely, "is to open communication with the desert, and run in some of the heathen tribes outside. I've made a proposition to the Council offering to take five hundred of them in the raw, unregenerate state, and turn 'em over after a year to the Church. If I could get Hurlstone to do some log-rolling with that Padre, his friend, I might get the bill through. But I'm always put off till to-morrow. Everything here is, 'Hasta mañana, hasta mañana,' always. I believe when the last trump is sounded they'll say, 'Hasta mañana.' What are *you* doing?" he said, after a pause.

"Waiting for your ship," answered Crosby, sarcastically.

"Well, you can laugh, gentlemen—but you won't have to wait long. According to my calculations that Mexican ship is about due now. And I ain't basing my figures on anything the Mexican government is going to do, or any commercial speculation. I'm reckoning on the Catholic Church."

The two men languidly looked toward him. Banks continued, gravely: "I made the proper inquiries, and I find that the stock of rosaries, scapularies, blessed candles, and other ecclesiastical goods is running low. I find that just at the nick of time a fresh supply always comes from the Bishop of Guadalajara, with instructions from the Church. Now, gentlemen, my opinion is that the Church, and the Church only, knows the secret of the passage through the foggy channel, and keeps it to itself. I look at this commercially, as a question of demand and supply. Well, sir, the only real trader here at Todos Santos is the Church."

"Then you don't take into account the interests of Brimmer, Markham, and Keene," said Brace. "Do you suppose they're doing nothing?"

"I don't say they're not; but you're confounding interest with *instincts*. They haven't got the instinct to find this place, and all that they've done and are doing is blind calculation. Just look at the facts. As the filibuster who captured the *Excelsior* of course changed her name, her rig-out, and her flag, and even got up a false register for her, she's as good as lost, as far as the world knows, until she lands at Quinquinambo. Then supposing she's found out, and the whole story is known—although everything's against such a proposition—the news has got to go back to San Francisco before the real search will be begun. As to any clew that might come from Captain Bunker, that's still more remote. Allowing he crossed the bar and got out of the channel, he wasn't at the right time for meeting a passing steamer, and the only coasters are Mexican. If he didn't die of delirium tremens or exposure, and was really picked up in his senses by some other means, he would have been back with succor before this, if only to get our evidence to prove the loss of the vessel. No, sir; sooner or later, of course, the San Francisco crowd are bound to find us here. And if it wasn't for my crops and our mine, I wouldn't be in a hurry for them; but our *first* hold is the Church."

He stopped. Crosby was asleep. Brace arose lazily, lounged into his office, and closed his desk.

"Going to shut up for the day?" said Banks, yawning.

"I reckon," said Brace, dubiously "I don't know but I'd take a little paseata into the town if I had my horse ready."

"Take mine, and I'll traipse over on foot to the ranch with Crosby after a spell. You'll find him under that big madroño, if he has not already wound himself up with his lariat by walking round it. Those Mexican horses can't go straight even when they graze; they must feed in a circle. He's a little fresh, so look out for him."

"All the better. I'd like to get into town just after the siesta."

"Siesta!" echoed Banks, lying comfortably down in the shade just vacated by Brace. "That's another of their shiftless practices. Two hours out of every day—that's a day out of the week—spent in a hammock, and during business hours too! It's disgraceful, sir—simply disgraceful." He turned over and closed his eyes, as if to reflect on its enormity.

Brace had no difficulty in finding the mare, although some trouble in mounting her. But, like his companions, having quickly adopted the habits of the country, he had become a skilful and experienced horseman, and the mustang, after a few springless jumps, which failed to unseat him, submitted to his rider. The young man galloped rapidly toward Todos Santos; but when within a few miles of the pueblo he slackened his pace. From the smiles and greetings of wayfarers—among whom were some pretty Indian girls and mestizas—it was evident that the handsome young foreigner, who had paid them the compliment of extravagantly adopting their national costume, was neither an unfamiliar nor an unpleasing spectacle. When he reached the posada at the top of the hilly street he even carried his simulation of the local customs to the point of charging the veranda at full speed, and pulling up suddenly at the threshold, after the usual fashion of vaqueros. The impetuous apparition brought a short stout man to the door, who, welcoming him with effusive politeness, conducted him to an inner room that gave upon a green grass court-yard. Seated before a rude table, sipping aguardiente, was his countryman Winslow and two traders of the pueblo. They were evidently of the number, already indicated, who had adopted the American fashions. Señor Ruiz wore a linen "duster" in place of his embroidered jacket, and Señor Martinez had an American beard, or "goatee," in imitation of Mr. Banks. The air was yellow with the fumes of tobacco, through which the shrewd eyes of Winslow gleamed murkily.

"This," he said to his countryman, in fluent if not elegant Spanish, indicating the gentleman who had imitated Banks, "is a man of ideas, and a power in Todos Santos. He would control all the votes in his district, if there were anything like popular suffrage here, and he understands the American policy."

Señor Martinez here hastened to inform Mr. Brace that he had long cherished a secret and enthusiastic admiration for that grand and magnanimous nation of which his friend was such a noble representative; that, indeed, he might say it was an inherited taste, for had not his grandfather once talked with the American whaling Capitano Coffino, and partaken of a subtle spirit known as "er-r-rum" on his ship at Acapulco?

"There's nothing mean about Martinez," said Winslow to Brace, confidentially, in English. "He's up to anything, and ready from the word 'Go.' Don't you think he's a little like Banks, you know—a sort of Mexican edition? And there's Ruiz; he's a cattle-dealer; he'd be a good friend of Banks if Banks wasn't so infernally self-opinionated. But Ruiz ain't a fool, either. He's picked up a little English—good American, I mean—from me already."

Señor Ruiz here smiled affably to show his comprehension, and added, slowly and with great gravity, "It is of twenty-four year I have first time the Americano of your beautiful country known. He have buy the hides and horns of the cattle—for his ship—here."

"Here?" echoed Brace. "I thought no American ship—no ship at all—had been in here for fifty years."

Ruiz shrugged his shoulders, and cast a glance at his friend Martinez, lowered his voice, and lifted his eyelashes at the same moment, and jerking his yellow, tobacco-stained thumb over his arm, said, "Ah—of a verity—on the beach—two leagues away."

"Do you hear that?" said Winslow, turning complacently to Brace and rising to his feet. "Don't you see now what hogwash the Commander, Alcalde, and the priest have been cramming down our throats about this place being sealed up for fifty years? What he says is all gospel truth. That's what I wanted you fellows to hear, and you might have heard, only you were afraid of compromising yourselves by talking with the people. You got it into your heads—and the Comandante helped you to get it there—that Todos Santos was a sort of Sleepy Hollow, and that no one knew anything of the political changes for the last fifty years. Well, what's the fact? Ask Ruiz, there, and Martinez, and they'll both tell you they know that Mexico got her independence in 1826, and that the Council keep it dark that they may perpetuate themselves. They know," he continued, lowering his voice, "that the Commander's commission from the old Viceroy isn't worth the paper it is stamped upon."

"But what about the Church?" asked Brace, hesitatingly, remembering Banks's theory.

"The Church—carambà! the priests were ever with the Escossas, the aristocrats, and against the Yorkenos, the men of the Republic—the people," interrupted Martinez, vehemently. "They will not accept, they will not proclaim the Republic to the people. They shut their eyes, so— They fold their hands, so— They say, 'Sicut erat principio, est nunc, et semper in secula seculorum!' Look you, señor, I am not of the Church—no, carambà! I snap my fingers at the priests. Ah! what they give one is food for the bull's horns, believe me—I have read 'Tompano,' the American 'Tompano.'"

"Who's he?" asked Brace.

"He means Tom Paine—*The Age of Reason*, you know," said Winslow, gazing with a mixture of delight and patronizing pride at the Radicals of Todos Santos. "Oh, he's no fool—is Martinez, nor Ruiz either! And while you've been flirting with Doña Isabel, and Banks has been trying to log-roll the Padre, and Crosby going in for siestas, *I've* found them out. And there are a few more—aren't there, Ruiz?"

Ruiz darted a mysterious glance at Brace, and apparently not trusting himself to speak, checked off his ten fingers dramatically in the air thrice. "As many of a surety. God and liberty!"

"But if this is so, why haven't they *done* something?"

Señor Martinez glanced at Señor Ruiz.

"Hasta mañana!" he said, slowly.

"Oh, this is a case of 'Hasta mañana'!" said Brace, somewhat relieved.

"They can wait," returned Winslow, hurriedly. "It's too big a thing to rush into without looking round. You know what it means? Either Todos Santos is in rebellion against the present government of Mexico, or she is independent of any. Her present government, in any event, don't represent either the Republic of Mexico or the people of Todos Santos—don't you see? And in that case *we've* got as good a right here as any one."

"He speaks the truth," said Ruiz, grasping a hand of Brace and Winslow, each; "in this we are—as brothers."

"God and liberty!" ejaculated Martinez, in turn seizing the other disengaged hands of the Americans, and completing the mystic circle.

"God and liberty!" echoed a thin chorus from their host and a few loungers who had entered unperceived.

Brace felt uneasy. He was not wanting in the courage or daring of youth, but it struck him that his attitude was by no means consistent with his attentions to Doña Isabel. He managed to get Winslow aside.

"This is all very well as a 'free-lunch' conspiracy, but you're forgetting your parole," he said, in a low voice.

"We gave our parole to the present government. When it no longer exists, there will be no parole—don't you see?"

"Then these fellows prefer waiting—"

"Until we can get *outside* help, you understand. The first American ship that comes in here—eh?"

Brace felt relieved. After all, his position in regard to the Alcalde's sister would not be compromised; he might even be able to extend some protection over her; and it would be a magnanimous revenge if he could even offer it to Miss Keene. "I see you don't swear anybody to secrecy," he said, with a laugh: "shall I speak to Crosby, or will you?"

"Not yet; he'll only see something to laugh at. And Banks and Martinez would quarrel at once, and go back on each other. No; my idea is to let some outsider do for Todos Santos what Perkins did for Quinquinambo. Do you take?" His long, thin, dyspeptic face lit up with a certain small political cunning and shrewdness that struck Brace with a half-respect.

"I say, Winslow; you'd have made a first-class caucus leader in San Francisco."

"There's something better to play on here than ward politics. There's a material here that—like the mine and the soil—ain't half developed. I reckon I can show Banks something better than lobbying and log-rolling for contracts. I've let you into this thing to show you a sample of my prospecting. Keep it to yourself if you want it to pay. Dat's me, George! Good-by! I'll be out to the office to-morrow!"

He turned back toward his brother politicians with an expression of satisfied conceit that Brace for a moment envied. The latter even lingered on the veranda as if he would have asked Winslow another question; but, looking at his watch, he suddenly recollected himself, and mounting his horse, cantered toward the plaza.

The hour of the siesta was not yet over, and the streets were still deserted—probably the reason why the politicians of Todos Santos had chosen that hour for their half-secret meeting. At the corner of the plaza he dismounted, and led his horse to the public hitching-post—gnawn and nibbled by the teeth of generations of mustangs—and turned into the narrow lane flanked by the walls of the Alcalde's garden. Half-way down, he stopped before a slight breach in the upper part of the adobe barrier, and looked cautiously around. The long, shadowed vista of the lane was unimpeded by any moving figure on to the yellow light of the empty square beyond. With a quick leap, he gained the top of the wall, and disappeared on the other side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW VETERINARY SCHOOL

The recent addition of a veterinary department to the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, has occasioned no little comment, and awakened considerable interest, not only in college circles, but among the practitioners of veterinary surgery and medicine everywhere. There is not in this country such another department attached to any college or university. This school or department was founded about three years ago by the trustees of the University to which it is attached, and has proved in every way eminently successful. From the start it has been under the able guidance of Dr. **Rush Shippen Huidekoper**, a graduate of the veterinary school at Alfort, in France. Following are the faculty:

William Pepper, M.D., LL.D., Provost, and *ex officio* President; Rush Shippen Huidekoper, M.D., Veterinarian (Alfort), Dean of the Faculty, Professor of Internal Pathology, and *pro tempore* Professor of Veterinary Anatomy; James Tyson, M.D., Professor of General Pathology and Morbid Anatomy; Horatio C. Wood, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Materia Medica, Pharmacy, and General Therapeutics; Theodore G. Wormley, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology; Joseph T. Rothrock, M.D., B.S., Professor of Botany; Andrew J. Parker, M.D., Ph. D., Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology; Robert Meade Smith, M.D., Professor of Comparative Physiology; William L. Zuill, M.D., V.S., Professor of Surgical Pathology and Obstetrics.

Demonstrators.—Henry F. Formad, M.D., Demonstrator of Pathology and Morbid Anatomy; Thomas B. Rogers, D.V.S., Demonstrator of Veterinary Anatomy; John Marshall, M.D., Nat. Sc. D. (Tübingen), Demonstrator of Practical Chemistry; Alexander Glass, V.S., Demonstrator of Therapeutics, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy; Garrett Edwards, Farrier, Demonstrator of Forging and Horse-shoeing.

The veterinary school, as it is termed, is situated at Thirty-sixth and Pine streets, and about a block from the University buildings. It is built of brick and granite, and occupies the entire square. At one end of the long line of low buildings is an octagon amphitheatre wherein the lecture-room and museum are contained. The one-story wings extending from this are used for dissecting-rooms, hospitals, offices, and laboratories. The various departments are furnished

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1568.

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with every appliance for the study and care of the various diseases of the animal kingdom. In the hospitals are subdivisions for birds, horses, dogs, cattle, etc. The strange medley now under treatment in the hospital would furnish a "zoo" on a small scale.

The course of instruction extends over a period of three years, and embraces medical chemistry, physiology, therapeutics, general pathology, morbid anatomy, veterinary anatomy, practical farriery, zootechnics, contagious diseases, sanitary police, obstetrics, etc. Each of the students, according to his capability, is given sole charge of some one of the inmates of this hospital, supervised and directed of course by the chief doctor, to whom he must daily make written report of its condition. There are also quite a large number of "outside" patients which must be visited in private stables.

The most distinguished patient among this class was the elephant Dom Pedro, the property of the Philadelphia Zoological Society. He was famous as the finest specimen of his kind in captivity, and was known far and wide among showmen and animal importers. His terrible temper and savage actions necessitated keeping him chained to the walls of his cage. Dr. Huidekoper had him under care for inflammatory rheumatism for some time, but he died recently, and since that time his carcass has undergone a systematic dissection, by which, it is claimed, many new developments relating to the anatomy of the elephant have been made, the most important of which is the discovery of a "pleura," which it has been claimed, by naturalists and zoologists, did not exist.

HARBOR AND COAST DEFENCE.

The engraving on our double page represents a casemate gallery in one of the principal forts of New York Harbor. It was completed about the year 1857, and marked a new era in military engineering. The walls of the fort are of granite, eight feet thick, and support a low, strongly arched, bomb-proof roof. The guns are cast-iron smoothbores built on the Rodman principle, and fired with twenty-five pounds of powder and a shot of one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.* Both fort and guns were once models worthy of imitation by the entire civilized world, for of their kind there were few equals and no superiors in the domain of military science. The gun detachment is represented as about to fire the piece. Other detachments are dimly seen in the smoke of adjoining guns. The engraving is a spirited and life-like representation of a subject which is rapidly growing in public interest, and fully sustains the reputation of the artist, Mr. R. F. Zogbaum, whose admirable military sketches are so widely known.

But it is not the purpose of this article to eulogize Mr. Zogbaum or his work, but to call attention to a fact with which the subject of his sketch is closely connected—a fact of grave significance, and one which may be stated with no fear of denial—that, while we have many forts which, like the engraving before us, are interesting illustrations of military engineering, we have no national sea-coast or lake defences worthy the name. The casemate in the engraving, which is a type of our strongest permanent sea-coast fortifications, has, by the development of the power of artillery, become nearly worthless as a means of defence, and far from offering protection to the guns and those whose duty it is to serve them, is a death-trap, in which both guns, carriages, and detachments would be buried by its crumbling walls were they exposed but for a few minutes to the fire of modern guns of even medium calibre. What kind of resistance will an eight-foot granite wall offer to a projectile which will pierce thirty-nine inches of wrought iron or fifty feet of well-settled sand or thirty feet of solid concrete? It is absurd to classify such walls with those of modern fortifications, and it would be of great advantage to this country, in a military sense, if they could be demolished; for, notwithstanding they may prove of some service in protecting our fixed torpedoes, they are useless as fortifications proper, and occupy, as a rule, sites which might be used to better advantage by powerful iron-clad batteries. But it is frequently said, in reply to this statement, "We will not depend on our old-fashioned forts; in case of emergency we will throw up earthworks, which experience has shown are quickly constructed, and which are impervious to cannon shot." Vain delusion! The earthworks we have heretofore so speedily built, which withstood so well the artillery of twenty years ago, and with which probably those who thus discourse are familiar, would offer about as much resistance to a modern rifled gun of large calibre as a screen of pine boards. From fifty to seventy-five feet of well-rammed earth is the minimum thickness now given parapets exposed to the fire of heavy guns. Such parapets, with their accessories of bomb-proofs, magazines, traverses, shell-rooms, galleries, and gun platforms, would require months for their construction, and when finished would by no means answer the expected purpose. With the old smooth-bores and short-range rifles, which were easily constructed, and which were grouped in considerable numbers, and before the introduction of powerful guns of long range, and rapid-firing machine-guns, cover, while desirable, was not of very great importance, and this was easily effected by the use of embrasures, or, when the guns were *en barbette*, by traverses and splinter-proofs. But this system is no longer admissible. Modern guns of heavy calibre are complex and costly machines, and not easily replaced. Instead of being grouped in large numbers, they are dispersed as much as practicable, and good cover for them, if not for the cannoneers, is indispensable as a protection against the concentrated fire of ships of war. Owing to the great thickness of parapet, embrasures are not practicable, and barbette batteries, save those on elevated sites, and those arranged for disappearing gun-carriages on the Moncriff or King principle, have been relegated by common experience to retired and unexposed positions of minor importance, and are now regarded as auxiliary simply in the general plan of defence.

Except for the service of mortars, earthworks should not be relied on in the defence of our harbors. There is too much at stake to admit of trifling, or to justify an experiment so fully and generally determined.

According to the best authorities and the practice of foreign countries, the security of important harbors requires three lines of defence.

First Line.—A fleet of powerful iron-clads, which meets and fights the enemy outside.

Second Line.—Torpedo-boats, such as are now being built for all the great powers, and which are operated in conjunction with the ships of the first line, and separately as an interior line.

Third Line.—Iron or steel batteries, with guns of heaviest calibre, defending the *entrance channels*, which are obstructed with mines, torpedoes, etc.; and, finally, mortar batteries and machine-guns in large numbers at points suited to their use.

Steel and iron have been substituted generally in Europe as the material for the newly constructed defences of important harbors, and ours is the only government so indifferent to the demands of every responsibility and of every principle of self-defence as to indulge in such absurd delusions as earthworks and other improvised means, and our ability to mass in a short time a large army of undisciplined and uninstructed soldiers. But even if we had time for earthworks, which is quite improbable, where are the guns, the carriages, and the platforms on which to manœuvre them? It requires nearly as much time to build a gun-carriage and platform as it does to build a gun. The carriage is complex, and of enormous weight, while the platform, which, in addition to the weight of gun and carriage, bears the entire shock and strain of recoil, must be made of solid masonry laid in concrete or cement, and must be given ample time to harden and settle. These are facts which bear but little resemblance to anything in our previous experience, and involve conditions which are always overlooked by those who indulge a belief in perpetual peace, or by others who think that if war should come we may safely rely on Yankee ingenuity and the interposition of Divine Providence to meet it.

Excepting the eight-inch muzzle-loading rifled guns, of which we now have about 160, there is not in any sea-coast fort in the country, from Maine to Sitka, a single service gun of even medium penetrating power, not one that is capable of checking for a moment the steady advance of an iron-clad, not one which would probably draw the fire of the heavy guns of such ships as the *Inflexible*, the *Duilio*, or the *Admiral Baudin*. Nor could we manufacture suitable guns if we had years to work in. Taking into account all the talent, all the activity, and all the wealth of our iron and steel manufacturers, we could not in a period of less than five years turn out a sufficient number of modern steel guns of heavy calibre for the armament of a single large fort; it would probably take a much longer time. Even if we were to purchase guns abroad, and were to call on Krupp, Whitworth, Armstrong, and all the other reliable gun-makers of Europe, we could not arm New York, Boston, San Francisco, or in fact any large harbor on our coast, in less than three years.

But it is said that we have the dynamite torpedo gun, our submarine monitors, and our fixed torpedoes. The answer is that the dynamite gun and submarine monitors, while giving promise of success, are experimental, and will require large expenditures and ample time for their perfection, and even when completed will be no substitute for guns and forts. Torpedo warfare is a separate branch of military science, and requires a well-trained and skilful body of experts, which cannot be improvised in a day. It is one of many means devised for defensive purposes, but has no independent *rôle*, and for its successful operation requires electric lights, bomb-proof operating-rooms, and the protection of a powerful artillery fire. Without such protection the apparatus would be demolished, the electric cables cut, and the torpedoes taken up or destroyed. Still, our fixed torpedo system is in better condition probably than anything else upon which we must rely, although it lacks accessory and auxiliary means of support, and, outside of the Engineer Corps, is understood by no one in the army, except a few artillery officers. Although the bulk of torpedo defence will unquestionably devolve upon the artillery in the event of a foreign war, but one lieutenant from each of the five artillery regiments is sent annually to the Torpedo School, Willet's Point, whereas the entire corps should be thoroughly instructed in this science, and without unnecessary delay.

Turning now for a moment from the army to the navy, we find a little encouragement in the recent action of Congress, but it is safe to say that on the high seas or in port we are to-day no match for Spain, or even Brazil.

In remarkable contrast to our apathy and amazing indifference to consequences are the precautions of foreign powers in preparing for future contingencies. By annual expenditures extending over a number of years, the harbors of all important sea-ports are now defended by armor-clad forts, turrets, or batteries armed with guns of high power. Similarly the navies of nearly all countries have been expanded, and there are now available against the United States 198 armored ships of war, while 42 are under construction.

Of this number England has 70, of which 13 are building; France has 50, of which 12 are building; Russia has 24, of which 6 are building; Italy has 19, of which 5 are building; Turkey has 15; Germany has 14; Austria has 13, of which 3 are building; Denmark has 7, of which 1 is building; Holland has 7; Spain has 6, of which 1 is building; Brazil has 6, of which 1 is building; Japan has 3; Chili, 3; China, 3.

Besides these there are in Europe a large number of gun-boats, Monitors, torpedo-boats, and other vessels for coast defence, and an immense number of cruisers. We have ready for service fourteen Monitors more than twenty years old, with their armor and guns of obsolete pattern. Besides these we have five Monitors and three cruisers in various stages of construction, which, when complete, will answer as auxiliaries for coast defence, but which are no match for such ships as would enter our ports in the event of a foreign war.

It would be humiliating indeed to witness such a combat as would inevitably take place were any of our harbors assailed by a foreign fleet. To stand by powerless to prevent the great loss of life and property which would follow the bombardment of one of our large cities, and the insult which would be put upon our flag, would be a mortification for which no adequate compensation could be made by the subsequent donation of dollars and the rhetoric of politicians. Those who have not experienced a bombardment know nothing of its horrors, and this country need never know them if suitable precautions are taken. It is to prevent war absolutely that we should direct our efforts, and not, as is often said, to prepare for it. If our harbors were properly defended, no foreign power could be provoked into a war with this country, for we are too far removed to fear a hazardous and uncertain attempt upon our coasts by transatlantic enemies, and too strong to fear a land attack by our neighbors.

It is to avoid such unfortunate and injurious consequences to our country, and to fully insure the blessings of peace, that thoughtful men have been for years urging our defenceless condition upon Congress. Yet such is the power and recklessness of political combinations that not until the past year has the matter received the serious attention of Congress, which, with all the facts before it, has again adjourned without making any appropriation for fortifications or guns, because, it is said, of a difference between the two Houses on the question of guns, how they are to be made, and who is to disburse the funds. One would suppose that such technicalities might well be left to those officers of the government who are educated and paid for deciding such points, and whose ample experience has qualified them for that duty.

Meanwhile we learn from Captain Griffin, of the Engineer Corps, who has made this subject a special study, that in the eleven cities of our sea-coast destructible property to the value of over four thousand millions of dollars is exposed, while only seventy-five millions are needed to insure it against loss by foreign ships of war.

"New York city pays over one and a half millions annually for one of the most efficient fire-departments in the world. As a consequence the the total losses by fire in insured buildings and contents (which comprises nearly all the city) have only amounted to sixty-six and a half millions of dollars in the past twenty-eight years. The Secretary of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters estimates this to be fully ninety per cent. of the total value of property destroyed by fire during that period. On this basis the total losses in one hundred years would amount to about two hundred and sixty-four millions. Yet New York pays an average of over six millions annually for insurance against fire, or a total of eighteen millions *every three* years. One outlay of seventeen and a half millions would complete the entire defence of the Narrows and East River to the full extent recommended by our engineers, and the works once completed could be maintained by mere nominal appropriations. War may do this city more injury in one day than would fire in a century. Such being the case, if insurance against fire is worth eighteen millions triennially, is not insurance against war worth a single payment of seventeen and a half millions?"

But why illustrate further? As with New York, so it is with all our maritime cities: all are wealthy, all are temptingly vulnerable, and all are entitled to protection. No one questions the imperative duty of the government to provide such protection, and every one is aware that it is a duty which can only be discharged honestly and effectually by building fortifications long before the emergency actually arises which makes such protection necessary.

Either let us arm our coasts as they should be armed, and put an end to the farce of claiming association and equality with first-class powers, or let us abandon the ruins in sober earnest, discharge our soldiers, and rely on the goody-goody assurances and hopes of philanthropists and peace societies for the security of our homes and the honor of our flag. For even if we deceive ourselves, we deceive no one else as to our actual condition, and sooner or later will be called on to shed the lion's skin and show exactly what we are.

For example, a war with Great Britain in the present state of our sea-coast and navy could not fail to be disastrous at first, and in fact for some time after hostilities commenced. With her powerful navy and enormous merchant marine, including as it does a large majority of the sea-going steamers which enter our ports; with Halifax, Quebec, and Bermuda as coaling stations and harbors of refuge, and with the Canadian canal and river system perfected, we are absolutely powerless to prevent England from landing at Montreal at any time within two weeks fifty thousand trained soldiers, and a fleet of gun-boats and cruisers for operation in the Lower Lakes. It will not be long before her gun-boats can pass from the St. Lawrence to Georgian Bay, and thus enter the Upper Lakes. We have no gun-boats fit for lake service, and under treaty stipulations cannot build them in lake ports. Were we to build them elsewhere they would be of no use for lake service, because we have no waterway connecting with the lakes by which they could be transferred to their destination. The peculiar topographical conditions of Canada render her a secure base of operations for any enterprise Great Britain may undertake against us, and with nearly six millions of population on this continent and ample means to draw upon, she can give us more recreation than would be good for us, even if we did not suffer a greater humiliation than ever before.

With fifty thousand regulars, and the volunteer force which British North America can raise and support, threatening our northern frontier; with a host of gun-boats raiding the lake ports, and a fleet of iron-clads and cruisers such as England now has (to say nothing of the fleet she soon will have), attacking our sea-ports, we would be put strictly on the defensive, and reprisals against Canada, about which so much has been said, would be quite difficult, if not impossible. Of the final result of such a contest we are all confident. No patriotic citizen doubts, or wishes to, but that we would be victorious, but not without a strain upon our reputation, a great loss of life and property, and the expenditure of vast sums of money. How much better to spend a little of that money now in preparations which will prevent such disasters, and the enormous pension bills, and other extravagancies sure to follow! Judging from the action of the last Congress, it would appear that all our reliance is to be placed on floating batteries for harbor defence, and a few steamers for sea purposes. The floating batteries can never close the St. Lawrence, the highway to our northern frontier, or effectually defend our ports, and fortifications and guns are as imperative as ever. It has been generally believed that the navy was maintained for the protection of our commerce on the high seas, and that to the land forces belonged the duty of defending our harbors. If this be true—and it has surely been our practice from the foundation of the government—an increase of the navy, while it strengthens the general defences of the country, does not satisfy the demands or the necessities of the case.

Congress having adjourned without making an appropriation for sea-coast defence, another year must elapse before anything can be done. In the mean time let those who are interested in this very important subject give it their attention, and let the press of the country, through whose assistance so much has been done already for the navy, shape public opinion, and strengthen the official and professional representations of our truly defenceless condition. Let the people demand of the next Congress an immediate settlement of this question on a basis which will insure the honor of our flag against disgrace, and our maritime cities against the incursions of foreign fleets, and let there be an end of a discussion which has already lasted too long. It is not a question of cast-iron guns or cast-steel guns or built-up guns, of iron turrets or steel turrets, of iron-clad forts or earthworks, but of money. Make the necessary appropriation to meet the estimated cost of fortifying and arming our coast, and the proper constructions, be they forts or guns, will necessarily follow. Such details are not properly within the scope of legislative action, and should be left, as they ever have been, to the discretion of the executive departments. Let this be done, and intelligent action, born not of greed, but of honest patriotism, will restore our fortifications, ships, and armament, and develop our manufactures to such an extent as to render us independent of foreign resources and indifferent to foreign enemies. Truly may it then be said that we have prepared for peace, and not for war.

J. P. Sanger,
Brevet-Major U.S.A.

A SHIP AHEAD.

Calm and unfrightened statisticians submit to us the whole number of ships that sail, and then the whole number of ships that are lost, and establishing a proportion, make it clear as day to the most obtuse intelligence that it is not a hundredth part as dangerous to go to sea as it is to go to bed. And yet somehow people continue to go to sea fearfully, as though extraordinary hazard were attending the operation. They see the captain pacing the bridge and going without sleep when there is a fog, and note his calmly anxious face when a hurricane is blowing, and forget all about the unfrightened statisticians and their beds. The thousand causes that may have sent the *City of Boston* to her unknown fate, the sinking of the *Arctic*, and all the stories of great shipwrecks are in their minds instead, coupled with the famous thought that it is only six inches of oak planking (or nowadays an iron plate or two) which separate them from eternity.

The significance and interest of the lookout's news of "a ship ahead" vary according to circumstances. When the weather is fine it is pleasant information, meaning a beautiful break in the sea's beautiful monotony, and carrying no suggestion of danger. But there are conditions of darkness and storm and fog when this cry sent aft from the forward deck is ominous enough. There was "a ship ahead" a moment before the *Oregon* went down, and in many another case has such a sight been the vision of immediate doom. In Mr. Thulstrup's picture the ship ahead is made out by the watchers through the gray of a heavy storm. There is peril in the proximity, but the chances are with the ships, and against a collision.

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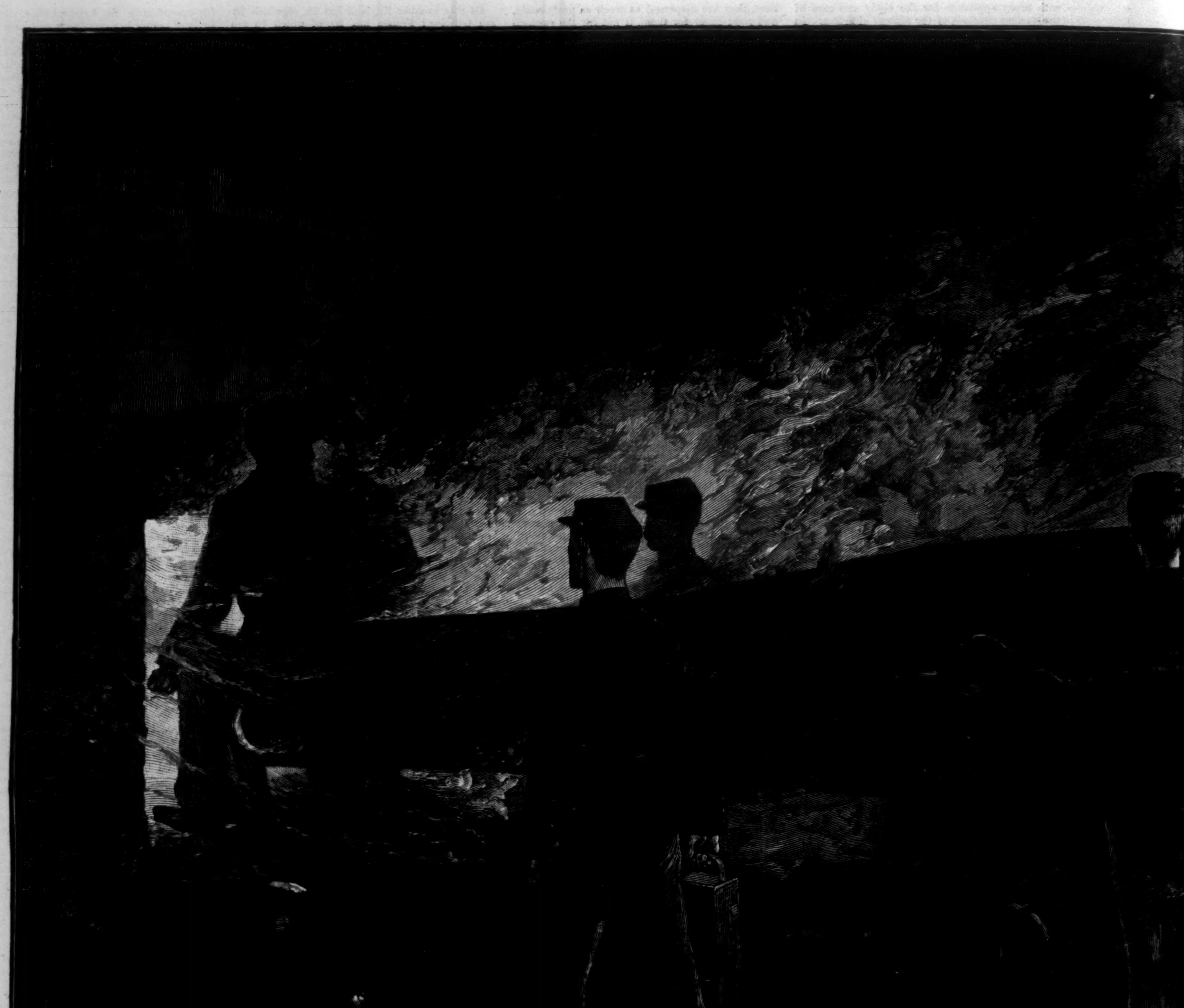
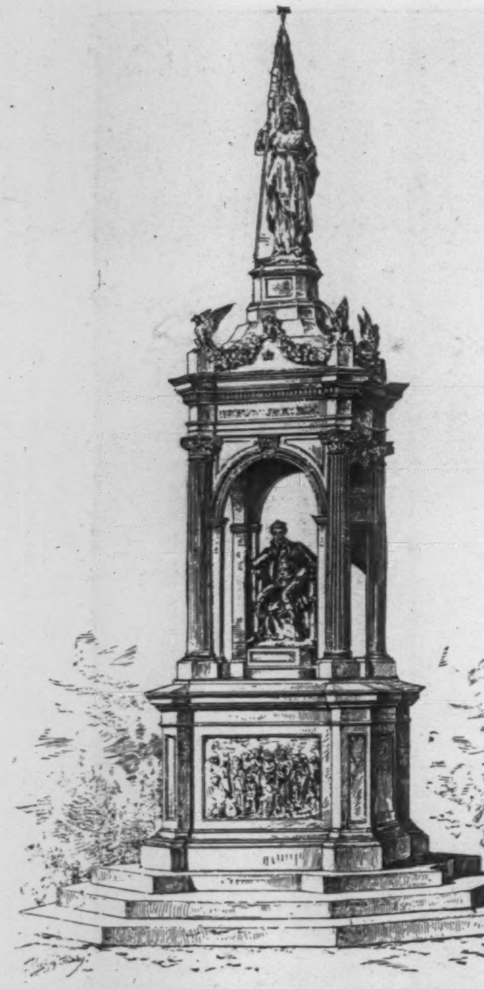
* The heaviest English gun is fired with 900 pounds powder and shot of 1800 pounds; French gun, 575 pounds powder, shot of 2645 pounds; German gun, 615 pounds powder, shot of 1632 pounds. The extreme mean range of these guns is over 9½ miles.



FIRING A GUN IN AN OLD CASEMATE FO

ORT.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 239.]



THE KEY MONUMENT FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

AMONG the bequests of the late Mr. JAMES LICK was a magnificent one intended to supply the absence of a monument which Maryland and the rich merchants of Baltimore are tardy in erecting. If the Atlantic is not to see a monument to FRANCIS BARTON KEY very soon, the Pacific slope will presently be more favored. The monument has been designed, and the statue of KEY, modelled by Mr. W. W. STORY at his atelier in Rome, has reached San Francisco, and formed the topic of anxious debates among the Commissioners of Golden Gate Park. The latter very properly consulted the sculptor by letter, and Mr. STORY replied with the advice that it be not placed on a hill, or where it must be viewed at a distance, but on level ground, where visitors to the Park would approach and examine statue and bass-reliefs near at hand. It has been decided to place the monument near the music stand on the play-ground for children, and when the band closes its performance, "The Star-spangled Banner" is to be given instead of the conventional "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. STORY will be gratified when he learns that his creation is to be part of an object lesson in patriotism for the benefit of the small boys and girls of San Francisco. No American poet has been honored by so large a monument as the Baltimore gentleman who sang one song and then was silent. It is fifty-five feet high, and in general outline takes the form of the memorial to Prince ALBERT in Hyde Park, London. On three gradually diminishing steps is reared in the warm colored stone quarried not far from Rome a square pedestal with square panelled projections at the corners. On the broad panels between these are bass-reliefs relating to the exciting events under which the song was composed. On the pedestal rises the marble canopy which forms a shelter for the seated figure, FRANCIS BARTON KEY, a classical structure resting mainly on four Corinthian columns, but also on eight inner engaged columns of a plain style of architecture, which carry the arches of four screens, the key-stone of each arch being richly treated. The roof of the canopy has eagles at the four corners, and on a pedestal of its own rises from the centre of the roof a draped America, who grasps the pommel of a sheathed sword at her left side, and holds in her right hand the staff of an American flag. The latter falls behind her head so as to give a pyramidal effect to the apex of the monument.

The statue above is completely at rest, and restful is also the effigy of KEY. The left hand droops from the high arm of his chair to his left thigh; the right supports his chin, and his eyes are fixed in contemplation. The feet, encased in top-boots, are easily and naturally placed. Those who know Mr. STORY and his quick, petulant manner, who have listened to his voluble talk and laughed at his flow of anecdote, do not always recognize him in his statuary, which, as in this case, is apt to be extremely quiet. The uplifted wings of the four eagles are the only unquiet points in the monument. The bareness of the roof of the canopy is relieved by lion masks, between which and the eagles are festooned eight garlands. A star in low relief below each mask "spangles" each front. In its quietness and classical sobriety this monument will not fail to commend itself to those who admire the work of a sculptor and author who has become the *doyen* of the American art colony in Rome.

THE HAT THAT JIM BOUGHT.

A STUDY OF THE BEST BIT IN THE COLONIAL QUARTER.

THE town, or the men about it, had distinctly refused to wear blue hats with silver bands. This had been pointed out to Blockitt of Chestnut Street by his head clerk before he made the investment. But Blockitt had an eye for color, and was a man of original ideas, as he had pointed out to his head clerk in return. "Won't go in Philadelphia?" he had said. "Well, then, we'll make them go. It's only by making things go in Philadelphia that I am what I am."

Nevertheless, they had not gone. They could not be made to go. Millington Reeves had been induced to accept one "on trial" (Millington Reeves got all his clothes that way, being an Admirable Crichton), in the hope of making them go in the Proprietary Club. But if Millington Reeves had made a trial, it had not been in public, and the effect upon the brass hat rack of the Proprietary Club was inappreciable. To be sure, the fashion column of the *Era* had commented, in that off-hand touch-and-go style which is the finality of puffery, on "Blockitt's latest audacity." But not even the commentator, who had a blue and silver "on trial" (he got all his clothes in that way too), would wear it, being deterred therefrom by the example of the Proprietors. So Blockitt charged $2 25 loss to each of the blue and silvers, and sold them to Cohen of South Second Street for 75 cents apiece. Blockitt could have sold them from his window at $1 50 each, as Cohen did, but then this would have ruined Blockitt's vogue. So the blue and silvers hung in long rows in Cohen's window, with the $1 50 mark in straight and shiny black and red letters, and the neighborhood was certainly proud of them. In Pennell's Court there was nothing else talked about.

Now that Pennell's Court should fall down and worship this apotheosis of Blockitt's *bizarrerie* was irony in taste and history, for, as Sidney Blackanwyte had repeatedly told the Sketch Club, Pennell's Court was the best bit in the colonial quarter. At the river-front end of Spruce Street it lay, that thoroughfare which runs so singularly down from high gentility through shabby gentility to poverty, and from poverty to squalor. The narrow archway by which you entered it pierced the wall of two high-shouldered houses, whose foundations were older than the longest pedigree in the Proprietary Club, and the walls themselves were of that black and red brick which was glazed in and imported from Holland. Moreover, when the Court was excited—when Big Liz's Joe, the "sparrer" at the Olympic, had been beating her, or Longshoreman Jim Rawlings "had a periodical," for example—this narrow little slit in the colonials lighted up amazingly. Then the Courtiers swarmed out on the uneven cobble-stones of the narrow gutter between the six little houses on one side of the Court and the six little houses on the other. The Pole (they called him a Polander), who, they said, was starving his wife to death in No. 7, came out in his high boots and long cavalry mustache; the voudoo woman in No. 4 flitted about like a dusky bird-of-paradise in her gay turban; the shabby splendor of Leary George, the out-of-luck burglar's habiliments, lent its touch of seedy fashion to the scene. The Rhine-stone stud on the bosom of the Split Onion's bar-tender shone effulgent from its tobacco-stained background. When finally the nickel-plated acorn on the top of Officer 978's gray helmet bobbed threateningly through the archway, the tableau was complete, and Pennell's Court undoubtedly the best bit in the colonial quarter.

Nevertheless the Courtiers turned away from their own picturesqueness and worshipped the blue and silver hats. Big Liz bought one for her Joe. The bar-tender of the Split Onion always wore one when he filled Big Liz's beer kettle. Leary George, who was *blasé* and cynical and inclined to scoff at this infection of the Court, had promised himself one in secret as soon as his scent should grow a little cooler in police nostrils. Little Jim Rawlings had set his heart on wearing one to St. Chrysostom's picnic. But it seemed on a certain hot morning in the month of July, when the slops were almost too languid to flow in the gutter, that little Jim's hopes were blasted.

"Father," he cried (and the inflection of despair was wonderful enough in its intensity for Casabianca)—"father, oh, father, do you s'pose you will be sober by three o'clock? Oh, father, can't you tell what you did with them?"

Longshoreman Jim Rawlings's head lolled on his breast. He shook it for an instant, as if in an effort to respond, and then, the fumes of the Split Onion's tap reasserting themselves in all their might and majesty, a drugged, sodden snore was the answer to his son's appeal.

Little Jim desperately threw open the door of No. 3, his father's home and his own.

"Liz," he cried, passionately—"oh, Liz, do you s'pose you could waken him? Oh, Liz, he's hocked the shoes I had to black."

The tallow-faced girl who sat on the grimy door-step opposite and pressed a straight black fringe of greasy hair against her aching head turned her round bold eyes at the boy. "Ye'll do no good with him till he's slept it off, Jimmy. Ye're a fool not to tell the Cruelty, and have them put him in Correction."

Little Jim sat down despairingly on his own door-step. Then a dart of terror quickened his despair, and he sprang to his feet. "Liz," he cried, "do you s'pose they'll put me in the Correction?—for gettin' away with the shoes, I mean."

The girl looked up again, and answered, dully, "In the Refuge, more likely."

Little Jim arose and paced the floor. It was drolly tragic.

To the girl on the opposite door-step it was simply superfluous. "Jimmy," she called, roughly, across the Court, "what's the use o' goin' to a Sunday-school? His Whiskers will square it for ye."

Liz had learned something from the charitable efforts that had been made in her behalf. She knew to a feather's weight how much the camel's back of philanthropy would bear. In her case it had been broken long ago, but the burden that little Jim had ever imposed on it she knew was light. His Whiskers was the incumbent of the mission of St. Chrysostom, where little Jim went to Sunday-school, sang in the choir, and had hopes of picnicking in a blue and silver hat.

The boy stopped in his walk. If any one could help him in his present plight, he knew it was the missionary. Mr. Larremore was not like the other missionaries whom Pennell's Court had known. He was bluff and off-hand, and joked on his visits nearly as freely as Latham, the special officer or ward detective, only his jokes were not of the same kind. The Courtiers did not know that he had left the Proprietary Club and the other end of Spruce Street for the sake of them and their kind; but they knew he was a gentleman, and took to him as the poor do to gentlemen. Besides, little Jim thought the missionary's shoes were among those which had been intrusted to him to blacken, and which his father had in some manner, which he could not in the present nor the immediate future disclose, made away with in the course of his debauch. It was necessary at least to acquaint him with his individual loss. Little Jim placed a chair under the side of the paternal anatomy which was most in danger of toppling from the bench to the floor, and closing the door of No. 3, set out down the squalid Court and under the colonial archway for the mission of St. Chrysostom. As he passed under the shadow of the clock tower of gray old Second Street Market, his eye fell once again on the blue and silver hats in Cohen's window. He averted his face. There was, he knew, a gulf between them and him. It mattered little whether or no his trousers wore clear through before the picnic day.

The missionary was in the guild-room when the lad climbed the narrow stairs and told his story. He mused a moment, looked out of the window across shabby Swanson Street, and then, his face lighting with what seemed to be a half-humorous recollection, answered, in his off-hand, man-of-the-world way: "I believe I know where those shoes are, Jim, and I believe Latham and I can get them. Come along."

Five minutes afterward the missionary, with the boy behind him, stood before the house sergeant's desk in the Second District Police Station. An old mustache, with the red stripe of army service on the sleeve which was not empty, gave a cheery good-morning from his place of authority. "Which of the flock is it we have, your Reverence?" he asked. "Father Riordan has one of his out already. It's hard when the old boy downs both of you gentlemen in one day."

The old mustache laughed. He had a police contempt, kindly in his case, but thorough withal, for all efforts toward the humanization of what in police parlance he classified as "bums."

"You've none of mine, sergeant," answered the missionary, good-humoredly. "Perhaps it would be better if you kept them all out of harm for me. Where's Latham?"

"He's in the lieutenant's room," the sergeant answered, and in another moment Larremore was in consultation with the detective.

Latham thought it was quite probable—more than probable, in fact—that Levison, the second-hand shoe man, had the missing goods. "He'd stop at nothing, that sheeny. It was more likely him than a pawn-shop, for the brokers is more careful, knowin' we're onto 'em." At any rate, he would be glad to go with Mr. Larremore and the boy and see. So off the three posted, the fat detective keeping the long-legged priest's pace with difficulty, and Little Jim running breathlessly behind, till they reached a basement on South Street, into which Larremore dived, his companions following.

"Good-morning, Mr. Levison," he said, pleasantly.

The bent old cobbler looked up nervously, and then covered with his apron a pair of shoes which he had been examining.

"I see you have my ties there," the clergyman went on, urbanely. "You bought them from this boy's father when he was drunk. Jim, step up and identify the other property."

Little Jim's reddened eyes had been busy about the damp little hole while the clergyman was speaking. "There's Mr. Dunglison's gaiters," he cried, gleefully, "and Captain Marrable's tops, and young Mr. Trenwith's cricket shoes—I know the very mud."

So he went on down the list, and saw in the shop every article of the missing foot-gear, except Mr. Conway's laces.

"Gather them up," said the clergyman, grimly.

Levison made an uproar. All those shoes had come from different places, so help him! He had been to a dozen different back gates for them. He had never in his life set eyes on a pair corresponding with the description of the ones said to be missing. Latham was a little staggered by the old man's protestations. When they came to an end, the missionary spoke.

"You don't know me," he said. "You've forgotten the trade you did with my man, eh? Latham," he said, turning to the detective, "before I put on the cloth, he and my valet lived on my boots for a year."

The old thief was silenced, and having received Latham's compliments and a facetious proposal for an exchange of functions in life, the missionary strolled homeward with little Jim.

"You're in business, Jim," he said, "just as much as if you had a big shop with plate-glass windows, and your commercial honor must remain unimpeached—you understand?" Little Jim hugged his bundle of leather and laughed gayly. "This being the case," continued Larremore, "you must make good to Mr. Conway for his shoes. As I was your sponsor, I presume I will have to help you out. Now I should think those shoes may have cost eight dollars, and they were about half worn out, you say. I think four dollars ought to satisfy him; don't you?" Little Jim nodded assent rather gloomily. The blue and silver hat had danced once again into his vision when the missionary conjured the shoes back into his possession. He had had a vague expectation that from some other basement the missionary would charm the missing pair. The blue and silver hat danced again out of sight. "Yes, sir," he said at last, "I ought to pay him."

"Spoken like a man of probity, Jim," said the missionary. "As your backer, I think it devolves upon me to arrange the affair. I will see Mr. Conway, and advance the sum necessary for you to liquidate. Then I shall expect you to pay me."

"Yes, sir," said little Jim again, repressing a sob. Alas for the hat and the picnic! they were quite out of sight now. The missionary smiled down at the boy. "And I say, Jim," he said, "the picnic is postponed a month. We can't get the cars during the midsummer rush."

Captain Marrable's tops and young Trenwith's cricket shoes tumbled out into the gutter; the blue and silver danced again into the range of little Jim's vision.

"Mr. Larremore," he gasped, standing still on the curb, "I'll never miss another rehearsal."

"Mind you stick to that," the clergyman answered, with a laugh. "There's a new Kyrie to learn next week;" and spying the swarthy little Padrone of the Virgin of Pazzi in Marriott's Lane, returning from a round of parochial calls, he joined him, and began anew a bantering argument on Mariolatry, which was always revived when the two met.

The blue and silver was often in little Jim's reach during the month of vicarious atonement, and often out of it. Longshoreman Jim paid half of the four dollars himself, in a fit of remorse, when he heard his son's story. Then he had another "periodical"—the "periodicals" were shortening down to a "habitual." Little Jim's wage went to make out the rent that week, and if he had not been helped to a large invoice of wilted heliotrope and pansies through Mr. Larremore's acquaintance with a fashionable florist, all hopes of blue and silver would have fled. The flowers went in five-cent bunches, and the debt was lessened by another dollar. By this time little Jim dreamed as often of the hat as of his mother, whose funeral had been one of Mr. Larremore's first offices in the mission of St. Chrysostom. He stood so frequently in front of Cohen's window that Cohen took him for a burglar's spy, and ordered him off the sidewalk. The hats got into little Jim's catechism, and when Miss Flutterthwait, a fair coadjutor of Larremore's, whose devotion to St. Chrysostom's was not altogether impersonal, put the question, "What desirest thou," etc., "in this prayer?" he answered, "One of Cohen's—oh, excuse me, teacher. 'I desire,'" etc. When Big Liz's Joe smashed the crown of his blue and silver, and Liz pitched it into the gutter, Little Jim secured it; and though it was three sizes too large for him, wore it while he blacked the boots. Leary George had come into luck at the end of the third week of the month, and departed with one of the coveted "cadies," as he called them, on his oily hair. It blunted Jim's moral sense a little to see this victory, and for an hour he looked up to the burglar as much as the rest of the Court did. But when he considered that Mr. Larremore was as clever at recovering stolen goods—hadn't Latham said as much?—as Leary George was at stealing them, his faith was once more assured. All sorts of questions presented themselves to him when in imagined possession of the hat. Suppose it should rain some day next fall when he was on his way home from the mission, would the blue run into the silver, or would it do to put it under his coat, where nobody could see it? Suppose his father should sell it when he was drunk? Suppose—oh, suppose that the hats should be all gone by the time that he had the money?

It was on the very night before the picnic that little Jim, in an awed and chastened frame of mind, crept into Cohen's just before the wire screen was going over the windows, and laying a tattered dollar bill, two ten-cent pieces, and six nickels on the counter, pointed a grimy little forefinger at *them*. There were no children's sizes; and the small man's hat which Jim finally secured was a world too wide, but he stuffed paper between the leather inside band and the blue felt, and when the morning sun began once more its daily task of breeding fever in Pennell's Court, little Jim waked and saw that his prize had not vanished, as he had dreamed, in the night, but shone in all its glory from the top of the heap of tattered clothing which he had laid off before going to sleep.

Little Jim's hat marked him as an object for attack as soon as he joined his ragged co-religionists at the mission. Reddy Benson, the long, lean, mischievous newsboy, who sang "Lead, kindly Light," with the same gentle modulation on Sundays as he did "aft'noon peppees" on week-days, seized it off his head as soon as he had got seated in the train. He passed it around for inspection, and the train was fifteen miles out of Camden before little Jim got it back. Then Sarah Moneypenny, the shoe-string girl, who did not know how she got her old Quaker name, threw hard-boiled egg-shells in it when the scholars ate their lunch in the Atlantic City Excursion House. She was enabled to throw them because little Jim had the hat between his knees. He was afraid that it would blow off while his hands were engaged with St. Chrysostom's provender. The thought that it might blow off was in fact the mental theme of little Jim's day. It kept him from going out on any of the piers. It robbed his ride on the fearful merry-go-round of half its delight.

The roar of the train was at its loudest just then, as the engineer put on full speed over a long stretch of straight track, and the missionary, whose mind was intent upon averting a possible danger to his flock by closing the rear door of the car, walked on without answer. Little Jim slipped out of his seat, and followed him down the aisle to where he stood for a moment watching, with his hand on the door-knob, the two long ribbons of steel unwinding from beneath the flying wheels, as from a loom.

"Mr. Larremore," said Jim again; and as he did so the entrance of a brakeman at the front of the car sent a strong draught, from the train's swift wind of flight, down the aisle.

"You must go to your seat, Jim," said the missionary, rather sharply, and turning to moderate the rigor of the command with a smile, he saw a white, terror-stricken little face appealing up to him, and a vanishing speck in the red dust and the hot twilight—the blue and silver hat. Then the boy was gone.

The air hissed sharply into the brakes. The locked wheels groaned on the sanded tracks. The long train stopped in half its own length. But a little way back from the last platform Larremore and the conductor, followed by a mob of screaming children and pallid teachers, found on the track a crumpled little heap of tattered, blood-stained clothing. There was life there yet. The boy's eyes looked up to the missionary's, bent close to his, with an appealing trouble in them.

"Quick!" said Larremore, divining, as a soul's physician can, the trouble in the eyes. From the railroad ditch whence a frightened scholar plucked it the hat was passed to the centre of the group. The crown was cracked and the rim was bent. A huge daub of the red Jersey mud obscured the splendor of the band.

The troubled eyes closed. A long sigh of infinite depth of defeat strained the bruised little breast. There was a slight writhing of the tiny, broken limbs.

Two equally battered and inanimate objects lay quiet side by side on the West Jersey track—little Jim and his blue and silver hat.

A. E. **Watrous.**

SKETCHES OF THE PAPAGOS OF SAN XAVIER.

The Papagos are a remarkable tribe of Indians who long ago accepted Christianity, and they must have been endowed with great powers of endurance, since, living on the very frontier of the dreaded Apache country, they have resisted the Apache attacks. To-day the Papagos, especially those found near San Xavier, are agriculturists, and cultivate the rich bottom-lands lying near the Santa Cruz River. Their dwellings are straw jcails (pronounced *ki-cals*), which have generally a shed supported by poles in front of them. These Papagos raise wheat, barley, beans, and garden truck, but their methods of agriculture are very crude. Their threshing is carried on in the Oriental manner, by means of horses, and the winnowing is done by tossing the straw in the air. To grind their grain the most primitive methods are used, old women slowly working the grain into flour by means of hand stones. As potters they have some merit, their ollas, or water jugs, being excellent, and in great demand throughout the region.

They are a law-abiding and peaceable people, have always been friendly to the whites, and when emigrant trains were *en route* for California their protection has been often found of great service against roving Indians. It is probable that, at the instigation of the whites, they had a hand in the massacre of the Apaches at Camp Grant some twelve or fourteen years ago. That they have been inimical to the Apaches for a very long period is quite evident from the fact that even to-day, when an attack is hardly possible, a mounted sentry is invariably found in position on the high ground, and he scans the hills and plains around him.

They can hardly be called strictly honest, but if anything be left under their charge it is carefully guarded. Their religion is a strange mixture of Catholicism and their older original belief. The festivals of the Church are observed, as are their own dances. Faith in their medicine-man or conjurer still exists. There exists a curious law of atonement: in case one man kills another, he may atone for his crime by fasting for forty days, and living away from a house, sleeping out on the hills.

Their condition is not a fortunate one, as they have not been benefited by civilizing influences. The administration of the land laws is perplexing to them, and there is an inclination on the part of the white settlers to crowd them out. They occupy an anomalous condition, and not being the wards of the American people, are therefore not the recipients of either rations, clothes, or money.

The cathedral of San Xavier is an adobe church erected by the Franciscan order in 1797, and is situated on a desert plain twelve miles south of Tucson, Arizona, not far from the Santa Cruz River. Its preservation to-day is remarkable, due to the equable character of the climate and the absence of rains. No service has been held at the cathedral for the last twelve years. The plan of the cathedral, with its flanking tower and wall, suggests the power to resist attack, for at all times the Apache must have been an enemy whose sudden attacks were to be dreaded. The interior of the church is rudely decorated. The altar ornamentations are designs taken from Biblical sources. Possibly the Franciscan fathers employed native talent, whose idea of art was but crude.

The United States government has appointed Mr. **Hart** as subagent among the Papagos, and he acts as school-master and doctor. Mr. **Remington**'s pictures of the Papagos show how important a part the horse plays in their daily life. In an ethnological sense, as recording a phase of aboriginal life in a semi-civilized condition, these sketches are of great interest.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONERS.

Last Tuesday President **Cleveland** appointed the Commissioners who are to regulate railway traffic according to the provisions of the Inter-State law passed at the last session of Congress.

Thomas M. Cooley heads the list, having been appointed for the longest term, six years, and being the one most likely to be chosen by the Board as its chairman. Mr. **Cooley** was born in New York in 1824. Upon the Commission, however, he represents the Northwest, as he has been a resident of Michigan over forty years. He is a lawyer of the first rank. For twenty-one years he was a Justice of the Supreme Court of his adopted State. He was also long a professor of law in the University of Michigan, and his legal writings have been no less excellent than copious. Judge **Gresham** appointed him receiver of the Wabash Railway. He thus enjoyed experience giving him special as well as general fitness for his new work. He is a Republican.

William R. Morrison, widely known as the leader of the Democrats who approve a reform of the tariff, was appointed Commissioner for five years. He is sixty-two years old, and has served eight terms in Congress as a member from Illinois, of which State he is a native. He is not a man of college training, as indeed only two of the Commissioners are, but he is a good lawyer.

The representative of the Middle States is **Augustus Schoonmaker**, a native of New York, a lawyer, a Democrat, and a civil service reformer. Since 1883 he has been a member of the New York Civil Service Commission. In 1877 he was Attorney-General. He was born in 1828, and will serve four years.

Colonel **Aldace F. Walker** represents the Eastern States. He is the youngest member of the Commission, being about forty-five at the time of appointment. His term is three years. He takes his title from service in the civil war, during which he received a wound, making him lame. The Republicans twice elected him Senator, in which capacity he gave foretaste of what may be expected from him in his new position. He is to be chiefly credited with the Vermont Railroad Commission law, although it was not passed until after his Senatorial term expired. He did succeed, however, in carrying through in 1884 the corporation tax law, which first compelled the Vermont railroads to pay adequate taxes. He also knows something about railway wrecking, having served the Vermont and Canada when it was almost lost to its owners, his clients. He is a warm admirer of Senator **Edmunds**.

The Southern Commissioner is **Walter L. Bragg**, who was born in Alabama in 1838, and resided in Arkansas from 1843 to 1861. After the war he returned to Alabama, where he has been a leading Democrat, Presidential Elector being only one of his offices. He is a graduate of Harvard, and a practising lawyer. For four years he served with credit as President of the Alabama Railroad Commission.

These brief sketches will serve to show the basis of the warm approval bestowed upon each of the President's selections for these important positions.

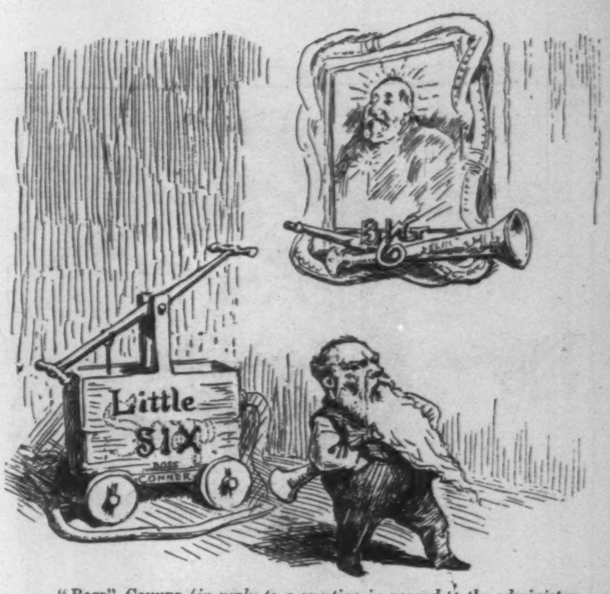
BREAKING A LOG JAM.

Few who see manufactured lumber within the confines of civilization imagine the perils and privations of which it is the fruit. Every plank and beam, could they but speak, might tell a tale certainly of human suffering, possibly of loss of human life, in which no element of tragedy would be wanting. Throughout the bitter winter the axe-men have been busy in the remotest parts of the forest wilderness felling the giant trees, lopping off their limbs, and piling the logs so obtained upon the ice of some frozen watercourse; for it is a cardinal principle of lumbering that the rough logs must always be moved downward, and never uphill, until they float within the boom at the threshold of the saw-mill which is to fashion them into merchantable lumber. When the melting snows of spring swell each rivulet into a torrent, the "drive" begins, and the river-drivers take charge.

Thousands of dollars are not unfrequently expended during the summer and fall in blasting away the asperities of the river-bed to facilitate the passage of the next spring's drive; for the logs must reach their destination on the spring freshet, or the whole drive will be "hung up"—stranded like a vessel on a sea-beach. Then not only is all the capital invested in the drive locked up for the year, but the river may be so choked that it cannot be used for a fresh drive in the ensuing spring. This involves a cessation of work during the following winter—in brief, an entire year and its business are lost. Notwithstanding every precaution, where the river narrows or takes a sharp bend the leading logs will lodge. The following logs, impelled by the force of the current and their own momentum, are driven over and under this obstruction. In a moment a pile of logs, perhaps twenty or more feet high, mingled together like jack-straws, may choke the river from bank to bank. This is a "jam."

The river-drivers, who have followed the head of the drive along the bank, instantly attack the jam with all the vigor and reckless disregard of personal peril which distinguish a "forlorn hope" assaulting a fortification. A moment's inspection, and the practical eye of their leader detects the key logs, upon the integrity of which the jam depends. With axe and handspike the men fall upon them. No word is spoken, for the roar of the torrent renders conversation impossible. In the icy water and out, on the heaving logs where it would seem no man could maintain a footing, they work with an energy which it is impossible to exaggerate. Suddenly comes a crush which rises above the roar of the water, and the jam is gone almost before one can realize what has happened. It seems impossible in that heaving chaos that a single man can escape. It seems as though every force in nature had combined to grind the daring men to powder.

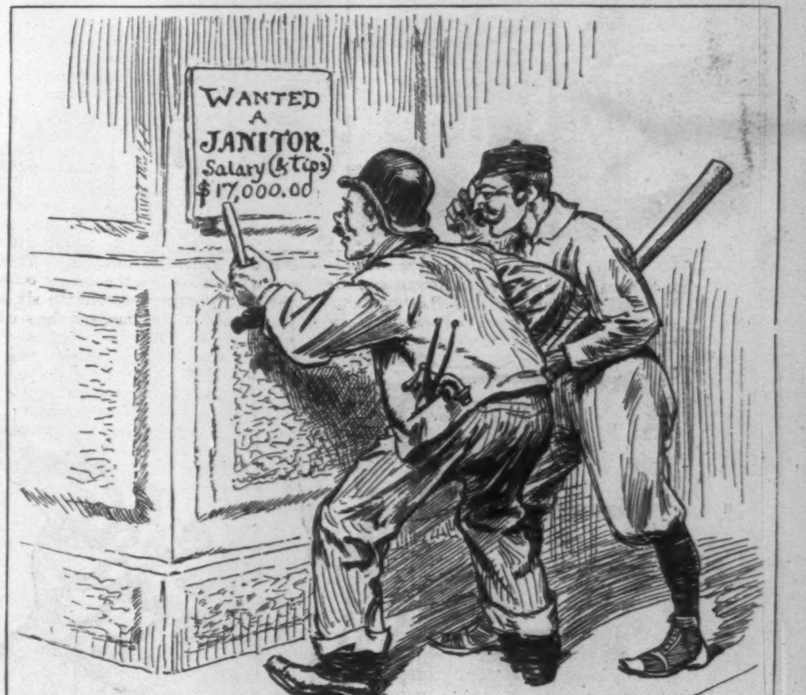
The accompanying illustration conveys perhaps as vivid an idea of the scene as is possible in black and white. But even though imagination aid it to the utmost, though the logs therein shown be taken to be from thirty to forty feet long, and from two to four or five feet in diameter, and though each be supposed to be heaving as though a volcano lay beneath them, even then the picture will fall far short of the appalling reality. In the illustration the three men on the right will probably escape. But the poor fellow on the left is as surely doomed as though he were bound to the mouth of a loaded cannon, the next moment to be blown into atoms.



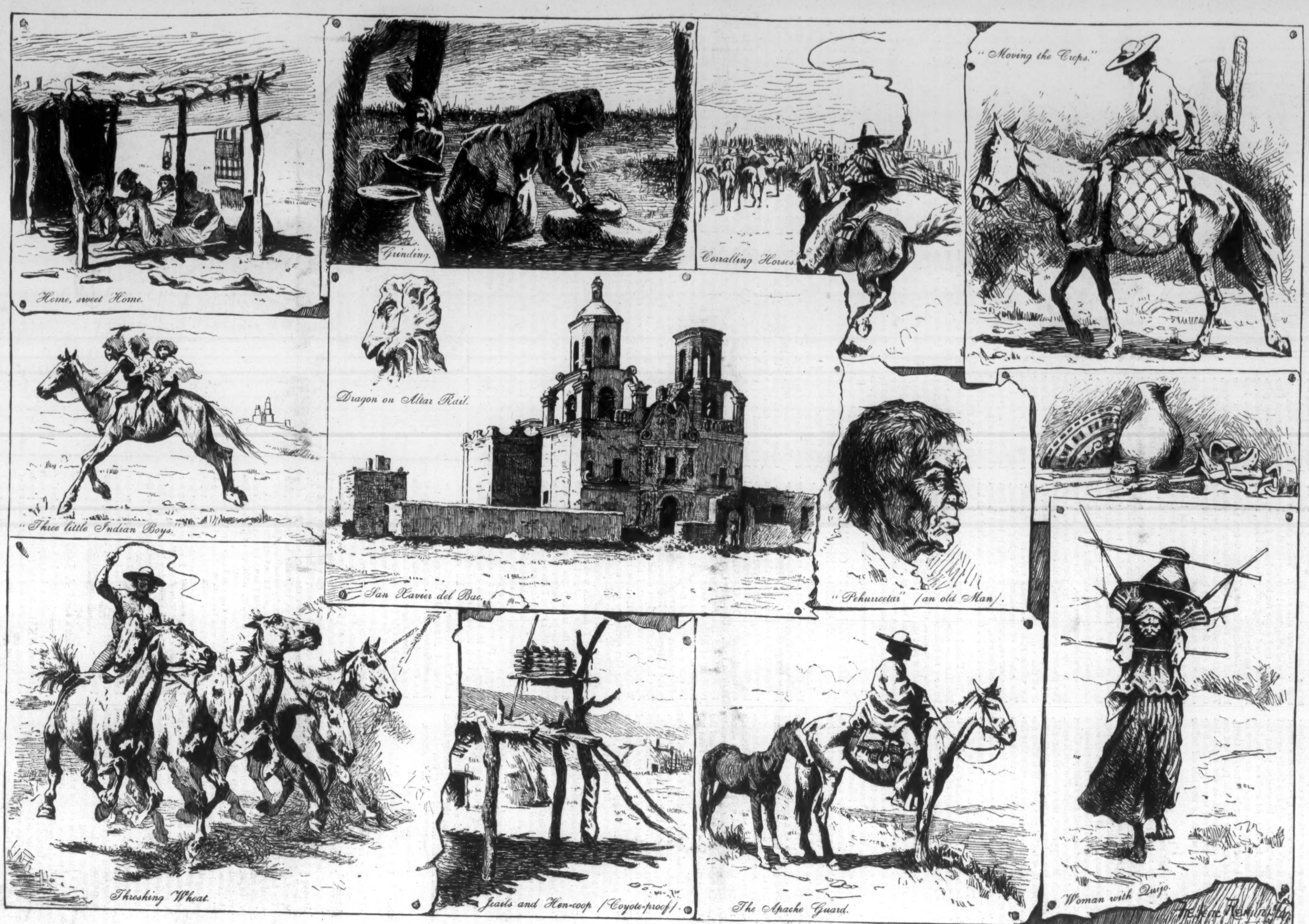
"Boss" **Conner** (*in reply to a question in regard to the administration of the Brooklyn Board of City Works*). "It was nobody's business."

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER TO TURKEY.

Mr. **Oscar S. Straus**, whom the President has just appointed Minister to Turkey, is thirty-six years of age. He passed his early years in Georgia, in the little town of Talbotton, until 1862, when he removed with his parents to Columbus, in the same State, and resided there until after the war. He then came to New York and entered the Columbia College Grammar School, and afterward Columbia College, from which institution he graduated as an honor man in 1871. He also attended the Law School of Columbia College, whence he graduated in 1873, entering at once into the practice of law, by becoming a member of the firm of **Sterne, Hudson, Straus, & Thompson**. In the latter part of 1880 Mr. **Straus**'s health failed by reason of overwork; he went to Europe, and after his return, upon the advice of his physician, he gave up his legal business, and entered the mercantile firm of **L. Straus & Sons**, of which he is now a member. Mr. **Straus** has been connected with reform movements in local politics for the past ten years. He is a close student of American history, and has lectured upon special topics before literary and historical associations, and in 1885 wrote a work entitled *The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States*, which has reached a second edition. It devotes special attention to tracing the religious causes that led up to the Revolution, and in what manner they combined with political causes in preparing the minds of the American people for the final separation from Great Britain. Mr. **Straus**'s latest literary production is an article for the *Westminster Review* on "The Development of Religious Liberty in America," which will appear in the April number.



A NEW AND LUCRATIVE PROFESSION DISCOVERED.—(*See Evidence in Cleary Trial.*)


Home, sweet Home.

Grinding.

Corralling Horses.

"Moving the Crops."

"Three little Indian Boys."

Dragon on Altar Rail.

San Xavier del Bac.

"Pehurreetai" (an old Man).

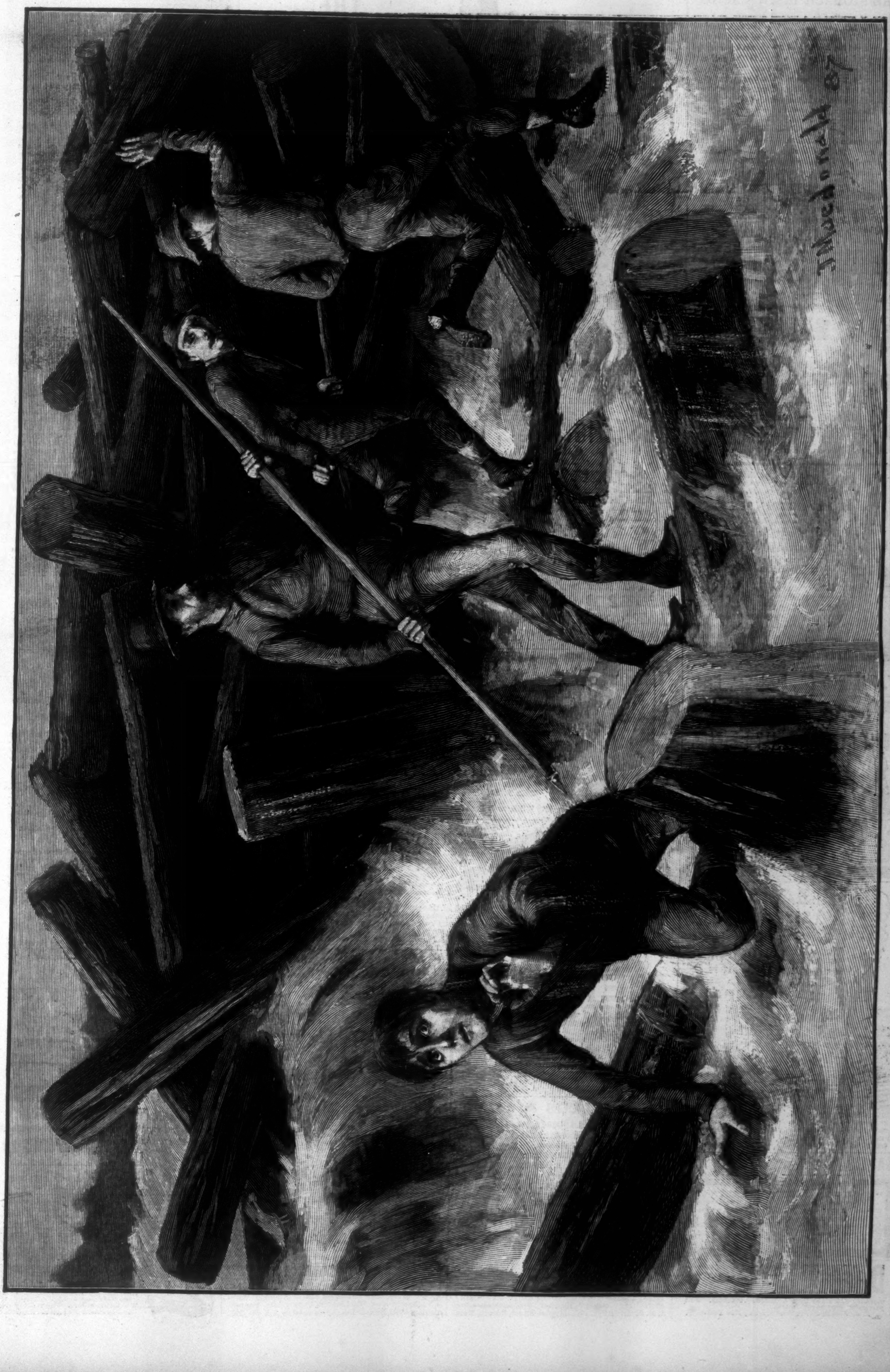
Threshing Wheat.

Jacals and Hen-coop (Coyote-proof).

The Apache Guard.

Woman with Quijo.

SKETCHES AMONG THE PAPAGOS OF SAN XAVIER.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 243.]


J. Macdonald 87

A LOG JAM.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 243.]

THE STOMACH DISTILS ACIDS.

These, if existent in a natural quantity, and unvitiated by bile, play their part in the functions of digestion and assimilation. But the artificial acid resulting from the inability of the stomach to convert food received by it into sustenance, is the producer of flatulence and heartburn, which are the most harassing symptoms of dyspepsia. The best carminative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Far more effective is it than carbonate of soda, magnesia, or other alkaline salts. These invariably weaken the stomach without producing permanent benefit. No man or woman chronically dyspeptic, and consequently nervous, can be in possession of the full measure of vigor allowed by nature. Therefore, invigorate and regulate the system, and by so doing protect it from malaria, rheumatism, and other serious maladies.—[*Adv.*]

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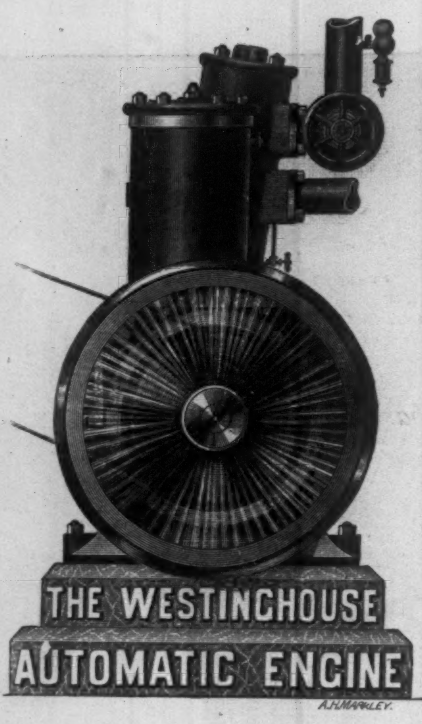

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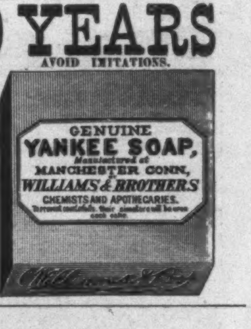

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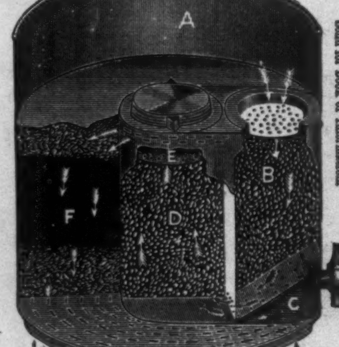

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Mrs. Fannie Green.

Ashburnham, Mass., Jan. 15, 1886.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skilful physicians, but they did not reach the worse part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I should never die in peace till I had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they cured me, and they used them and were cured and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

Yours truly, Miss Julia G. Cushing.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000 done less "good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also "cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, "sleeplessness, and dyspepsia."—Mr. R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, "Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters," if taken in time.

"Luddington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1885. I have sold Hop Bitters for ten years, and there is no medicine that equals them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarial climate." H. T. Alexander.

"Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1885. Sirs,—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four physicians failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me."

W. L. Carter.

Gents:—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. Stoetzel.
638 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Can You Answer This?

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

"My Mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

"My little sickly, puny baby was changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time."

A Young Mother.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment,
BARRETT, NEPHEWS, & CO.,
5 AND 7 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.
DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.

OPIUM **HABIT Cured** without suffering. **No pay till cured.** O. S. SARGENT, M.D., 22 Claremont Park, Boston.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain-Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home Schools for Physical Culture," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."

PROF. D. L. DOWD'S SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND CHILDREN, 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N.Y. Special attention is given to weaknesses and curvatures; also, to producing a sound, healthy body. One of the many to whom we can refer is Mr Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong." Send for circular of schools and references.

OVER A MILLION

persons have been cured by

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

of Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains, Stitches, Female Affections, Nervous Debility, Writers' Cramp, Paralysis of Wrists, Stiffness of the Joints, Weak Muscles, and Local Pains.

Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

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For 18 Years our Great Specialty has been growing and distributing **ROSES.** We have all the **Latest Novelties** and *finest standard sorts* in different sizes and prices to suit all. We send **STRONG, VIGOROUS PLANTS** safely by mail or express to all points.

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Equitable Life Assurance Society

In SURPLUS (namely the excess of accumulated funds over liabilities); in PREMIUM INCOME; in the amount of ASSURANCE IN FORCE; in annual NEW BUSINESS, the Society exceeds every other life assurance company, and may be justly regarded as the largest and strongest organization of its kind in the world.

ASSETS, January 1st, 1887, . . .	*$75,510,472.76*
LIABILITIES, (4 per cent. basis,) .	*$59,154,597.00*
SURPLUS, (4 per cent. basis,) . . .	*$16,355,875.76*

Surplus, 4½ per cent. basis, $20,495,175.76.

The Surplus, on every basis of valuation, is larger than that of any other life assurance company in the world.

OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE, . .	*$411,779,098.00*
NEW ASSURANCE, 1886, . . .	*$111,540,203.00*
TOTAL INCOME, 1886, ...	*$19,873,733.19*
PREMIUM INCOME, 1886, ...	*$16,272,154.62*

Improvement during the Year.

Increase of Premium Income, . . .	*$2,810,475.40*
Increase of Surplus, (*Four per cent. basis,*)	*$2,493,636.63*
Increase of Assets, ...	*$8,957,085.26*

H. B. HYDE, President.

W. ALEXANDER, Secretary. *J. W. ALEXANDER, V. P.*

MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK.

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching, and Preserving the Complexion:

FIRST—The **Mask** is **Soft** and **Flexible** in form, and can be **Easily Applied** and **Worn** without **Discomfort** or **Inconvenience**.

SECOND—It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original mask shape.

THIRD—It has been **Analyzed** by **Eminent Scientists** and **Chemical Experts**, and pronounced **Perfectly Pure** and **Harmless**.

FOURTH—With ordinary care the **Mask** will **last for years**, and its VALUABLE PROPERTIES **Never Become Impaired**.

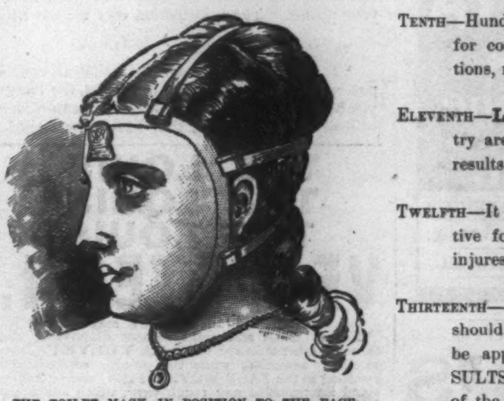
FIFTH—The **Mask** is protected by letters-patent, and is the **only Genuine** article of the kind.

SIXTH—It is **Recommended** by **Eminent Physicians** and **Scientific Men** as a SUBSTITUTE FOR INJURIOUS COSMETICS.

SEVENTH—The **Mask** is a **Natural Beautifier**, for **Bleaching** and **Preserving** the **Skin** and **Removing Complexional Imperfections**.

EIGHTH—Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and it may be worn with **Perfect Privacy**, if desired.

NINTH—The **Mask** is sold at a moderate price, and is to be PURCHASED BUT ONCE.



THE TOILET MASK IN POSITION TO THE FACE.

TENTH—Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations, may be saved its possessor.

ELEVENTH—**Ladies** in every section of the country are using the **Mask** with gratifying results.

TWELFTH—It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

THIRTEENTH—While it is intended that the **Mask** should be **Worn During Sleep**, it may be applied WITH EQUAL GOOD RESULTS **any time** to suit the convenience of the wearer.

FOURTEENTH—The **Mask** has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever vouchsafed to womankind.

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it.

VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED TREATISE, WITH PROOFS AND FULL PARTICULARS,

—MAILED FREE BY—

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY,

Send for Descriptive Treatise. **1164 BROADWAY,** Send for Descriptive Treatise.
NEW YORK.

☞ Mention this paper when you write. ☜

Arnold Constable & Co

SPRING NOVELTIES.

Gentlemen's Neckwear.

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Dress Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs.

Steamer and Bath Robes, Dressing Gowns, and Jackets.

Pajamas and Night Shirts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, etc.

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REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.

THE PINE FOREST at HOME.

Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of '**Sanitas**' in a sick room."
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,
(Limited.)
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Barry's Tricopherous

FOR THE HAIR.

Since the year 1801 this invaluable preparation has been before the public, and every year, as its excellences become more extensively known, its popularity has increased. For removing dandruff, cleansing and restoring the hair, and for all ailments of the head, it is a sovereign remedy. It will keep the hair moist, thick, and lustrous, and is warranted to prevent it from ever becoming gray, thin, harsh, or scurvy.

SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER TRUSSES

Will retain the most difficult forms of Hernia or Rupture with comfort and safety, thereby completing **a radical CURE** of all curable cases. Impervious to moisture, may be used in bathing; and fitting perfectly to form of body, are worn without inconvenience by the youngest child, most delicate lady, or the laboring man, **avoiding all sour, sweaty, padded unpleasantness,** being **LIGHT, COOL, CLEANLY,** and **always reliable.** *Endorsed by leading Surgeons, Physicians, Medical Colleges, and Hospitals everywhere.*

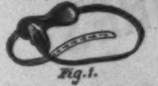

Fig. 1.

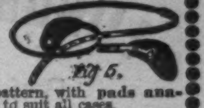

Fig. 5.

Made in every desirable pattern, with **pads anatomically constructed,** to suit all cases.

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Consisting in the correct adaptation of a suitable truss to each individual case, and instructions for its proper use, with necessary changes and alterations.

20 YEARS' REFERENCES:—*Profs. S. D. Gross, D. Hayes Agnew, Willard Parker, W. H. Pancoast, Dr. Thomas G. Morton, and all distinguished Surgeons or Physicians.*

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